ANOTHER RECORD! £26,900 NOW AWARDED.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED BY THE ADJUDICATORS.

A SINGLE ENTRY RECEIVES THE SAME CONSIDERATION AS THOSE ACCOMPANIED BY OTHERS.

No. 900.] Postage, One Penny. Registered for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 17, 1907. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

TO REGULAR USERS OF DR. TIBBLES' VI-Cocoa

Magnificent FREE OFFER of this Handsome VI-Cocoa Breakfast Cup (with Saucer to Match).

THIS HANDSOME VI-COCOA BREAKFAST CUP FREE!

Each Tin and Packet of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa contains a guarantee Coupon Card, printed in Red. In exchange for 12 of these Guarantee Cards from the 1/6 tins of Vi-Cocoa, or 24 from the 9d. tins, or 36 from the 6d. packets, the Proprietors will forward, post free to your address, this Handsome Vi-Cocoa Breakfast Cup and Saucer. These Cups (with Saucer to match) are specially reproduced in the best style of ceramic art for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and will greatly add to the adornment of any Breakfast Table.

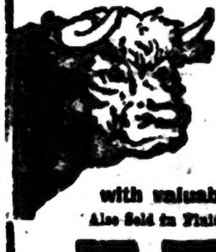
It is only by regular use that the extraordinary powers of Vi-Cocoa can be thoroughly tested. Do you live by daily toil? And does this daily toil demand the full faculties of mind and body during every moment of your working day? Thousands who do so have found salvation in Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which affords a delightfully refreshing stimulant and a tonic to the digestive organs, so that they can perform their arduous duties with a delightful sensation of renewed youth and vigour. Dainty Sample Tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Free on Application, a postcard will do, to Vi-Cocoa, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

NOVEL IN SHAPE. ELEGANT IN DESIGN, and CANNOT BE OBTAINED ELSEWHERE.

GUARANTEE COUPONS MUST BE POSTED TO VI-COCOA, 60 BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C., marked "Cup" in left-hand corner of envelope.

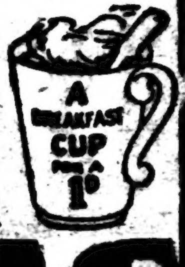
JU-VIS

Ju-Vis is an absolutely pure and wholesome article made from Extract of Meat, with valuable vegetable additions.



Simply add boiling water. Sold in 1d., 3½d., and 10½d. sizes. A penny Tablet makes a Breakfast Cup of delicious

BEEF TEA



with valuable nutritive vegetable additions.

Also Sold in Fluid Form, 2oz. bottles, 6½d.; 4oz., 11½d.; 8oz., 1/9.

JU-VIS

FITS CURED BY TRENCH'S REMEDY

The FAMOUS TREATMENT for Epilepsy, Fits, and other Nervous Diseases. Valuable information, for sufferers free from TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 33d, South Frederick Street, Dublin.

BOON TO MEN. Nervous and Physical Weakness—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free. J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

TIRED MEN.

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me, and I will send you a book which shows how every man, young and old, can be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this Paper.—A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Over twenty years' successful practice.

FREE "ACME" Silver Lever, with Free Gift Solid Silver Albert. 25/-

H. SAMUEL EXPLAINS

in his Interesting Bargain Book many things that those unaccustomed to buying at FACTORY PRICES cannot be expected to understand. How, for instance, it is possible to halve one's outlay on Watches and Jewellery without sacrificing anything in value, and to buy by post with greater certainty of satisfaction than is the case when shopping is done in person.

YOU HAVE ONLY TO SAY ON A POSTCARD:—
"SEND ME YOUR FREE BOOK,"

and H. Samuel's Direct Buyers' Guide comes to you Gratis—full of valuable suggestions, illustrated with 2,000 engravings, and carrying with it the privilege of a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL of all purchases, and of selecting from the list of BONUS FREE PRIZES ENCLOSED.

SURELY SUCH A GIFT IS WORTH THE ASKING! THOUSANDS KNOW THAT IT IS.

H. SAMUEL, 97 MARKET ST., **MANCHESTER.**

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand CLOTHING. Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 28 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pennyroyal, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SILVER BROOCH FREE.—Lutas Leathley presents every purchaser of 7/6 dress length of celebrated Wylwyrwell Cloth, with a Silver Brooch, Charm, Hat Pin, etc. Each present worth 2/- to 3/6. Catalogue, patterns, and particulars, sent free.—Lutas Leathley & Co. (Dept. 365), Armley, Leeds.

BUY CROCKERY DIRECT.—Every china and crockery requisite at factory prices. Tea, dinner, and toilet sets from 2/6. Wedding presents and home furnishing outfits, 10/6 to 45/-. Famous guinea package, 4 splendid sets—breakfast, dinner, tea, toilet, packed complete, 21/-. Catalogue Free.—Century Pottery Co. (Dept. E), Burslem, Staffs.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Estelle, Clendon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

STYLISH SUIT LENGTHS, 10/6 to 28/-, or smart suits to measure, 29/6 to 51/-. Splendid value. Latest selection. Patterns free.—Groves & Lindley, Manufacturers, Dept. 5, Huddersfield.

LIGHTNING FIRELIGHTERS light quickest, burn longest; cheap; wonderful; 1d. packets; all dealers.—Gill's, Heckmondwike.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.—Shopkeepers and others wanted to take orders. Free samples, big discount, no risk.—Leopold Printing Co., 35 Lime Street, Liverpool.

RUPTURE CURED.—Trial free till satisfied. Elastic Trusses.—Hermes, 80 Kay Road, S.W.

STAMP PORTRAITS, 24, 1/6; 50, 2/6; 100, 3/6.—Francis & Co., 29 Ludgate Hill, London.

CATARRH CURED.—If you suffer from CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any affection of the air passages of the head, send 10/6 for our treatment, and if after 14 days' trial you are not satisfied, return it to us, when we will refund the 10/6 in full. Booklet free.—Corona Medicator Co. (Dept. 23), 128 High Holborn, London, W.C.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—A rare Bolivian stamp (catalogued 5/-) to responsible collectors sending 1d. Mention gift 202.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

WINNING SOLUTIONS can't be bought. Would anyone sell solutions he could win £500 with himself? Beat these self-styled champions hollow by following Famous Winners' Practical Solution System in "Prize Competitions" (56 pages, copyright). "Most entertaining and informative."—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.* 1/1.—Hughes, 105 Michaels, Shrewsbury.

STRENGTH; How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 2 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 1d.—Stevenson & Co., 65 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS.—Finest collection Zonophones, 10,000 stocked. Every Record guaranteed. Easy terms. Old Records exchanged.—D'Almaine's, 91 Finsbury Pavement, London.

BOOKS FOR MEN AND WOMEN, issued by The Vir Publishing Co., 51 Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus, London. Send for catalogue.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 1d., post free.—N. Hinks, Wells & Co., Birmingham.

CROCKERY AT WHOLESALE PRICES.—Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Sets, from 2/6. Art catalogue free.—Teapot Manfg. Co. (K.), Hanley, Staffs.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele, and its consequent nervous troubles, should send for Illustrated Treatise giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures. Sent sealed, post free.—The Marston Co., 35 Chancery Lane, London. Established 40 years.

AGENTS Private Xmas Cards; large commission; best selection; book free. Letters, Howell, Publishers, Clapton.

BOOT DEALERS, write for Illustrated Price List. 1,600 varieties.—Holmes' Warehouse, Newarke Street, Leicester.

CHINA.—Seconds, 1/-; Earthenware, from 6d. doz. Write for lists.—Arthur Hull, Longton, Staffs.

LIMERICKS.—Every competitor must get a copy of "The Limerick Rhymester," THE BOOK THAT WINNERS USE. It contains 7,000 rhyming words and hints to competitors. Absolutely necessary if you want to win. James R. W. Hay, Q.M.S. Seaforth Highlanders, writes: "Having during the past month won prizes in Limerick Competitions to the value of £48, I have much pleasure in testifying to the valuable assistance your LIMERICK RHYMESTER has given me, and I can strongly recommend it to those who wish to profit by this popular pastime of Limericking." Also recommended by many other winners of prizes from £40 to £71. Send at once. Post free, 1/1.—Ashford Publishing Co., C., Hove Villas, Feltham Hill Road, Ashford, Middlesex.

BULBS.—Catalogue free.—Mason, 69 Crawshay, Brixton.

CROCKERY DIRECT FROM OUR KILNS TO YOUR KITCHEN.—Don't buy until you have seen our new Catalogue showing bargains at prices never heard of in the china trade before. Toilets, from 2/- per set; Tea Sets, from 2/-; Dinner Sets, from 4/-. Bazaar packages a speciality. Royal Crown Pottery, Tunstall Staffs. Dept. 6.

LEARN SHORTHAND AT HOME.—We teach Sloan-Duployan in three months. Two interesting books free.—Liverpool Correspondence School, 37 Moorfields, Liverpool.

LADIES—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS are, without doubt, the best remedy ever offered for female irregularities and obstructions. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. They are strong, safe, sure, and speedy. Price, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample 2 stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE I.B.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Prices post free in plain wrapper, 1/3 (double quantity), 2/9. Direct only from the I.B.S. Co., Dept. 8, 146 Stockwell Road, London.

MENDINE MENDS EVERYTHING.—China, Glass, Wood, Leather, Rubber, etc. Sold everywhere in tubes, 2d., 4d., and 6d.—Mendine, Ltd., Tooley Street, London, S.E.

LIMERICKS.—"How to Solve Limericks," by a great prize-winner. Book, 7d. Post Free.—Coleby, Park View, Rowlands Gill, Durham.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speed. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet, containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FREE.—Purchasers of 11/6 full dress length celebrated Wylwyrwell Costume Cloth have choice of valuable 4/- or 5/- present. Either Silver Mounted Smelling Bottles, Serviette Rings, Pin Trays, Cushions, Manicure Outfits, etc.—Particulars Lutas Leathley & Co. (Dept. 365), Armley, Leeds.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL.—Rare bargain. Elegant 3 ft. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with ten tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; sacrifice 14/6, worth £4. Approval willingly.—Lombard, 284 Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

PRIVATE XMAS CARDS with your greeting, name, address, monogram, tastefully printed, from 2/- doz. Write now for fashionable specimen book, post free.—Malcolm McMeekin, Art Printer (Dept. P), 7 Red Lion Street, London, W.C.

BEDSTEADS.—Newest Patterns in all Brass, Black and Brass, and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, Chair Beds, etc., etc. Furniture—Bedroom and General. All goods sent direct from factory to home. Full price lists post free. Established 1869.—Charles Riley, Desk No. 2 N, Moor Street, Birmingham.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd., BELFAST
IRISH DAMASK

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yd. square, 2/11; 2½ yds. by 3 yds., 5/11. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4½ each. Linen Sheeting, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

Surplice Linen, 10½d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Glass Cloths 3/11 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens & Linen Diaper, 9½d. per yd.

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent to 38W Donegall Place, Belfast.

Peek Frean's

PAT-A-CAKE

BISCUITS.

Others like them — so will You.
No others like them — so refuse substitutes

There are many Cocoas

. . BUT . .

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

Is unsurpassed for

PURITY, SOLUBILITY, AND EXCELLENCE

There's Health in every Cup.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

THE HOUSEWIFE'S FRIEND.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need,

Six Useful Trial Samples, Post Free, 6d.

"Vaseline" is the base of so many preparations for which there is an everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "Vaseline" The "Vaseline" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For giving beautiful complexions—for renewing the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving Rheumatism and Neuralgia—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for details see booklet.

Sample boxes contain six articles:—1 Tube White "Vaseline." 1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

Send 6d. in Stamps (½d. stamps preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."

42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

And one will be forwarded post free.

OUR LATEST TOTAL.

£26,900

SECOND TO NONE.

EVERY ENTRY RECEIVED IS CAREFULLY SCRUTINISED BY THE ADJUDICATORS.

THIS WEEK:

10 WINNERS EACH RECEIVE £157 11s. 3d.

CONSOLATION GIFTS AMOUNT TO £526.

A SINGLE ENTRY RECEIVES THE SAME CONSIDERATION AS THOSE ACCOMPANIED BY OTHERS.

This week has again brought abundant testimony to the phenomenal popularity of the Limerick Competitions conducted in our columns, and it is with much pride and at the same time with a deep sense of the confidence reposed in me by my readers that I am able to announce that since the competitions began the record total of almost **£27,000** has been distributed through *Pearson's Weekly* among the competitors.

This week the amount available for distribution once more exceeds **£2,000**, the exact figures being **£2,101 12s. 6d.** Of this sum three-fourths has been awarded to the ten competitors whose attempts were considered the best and most original, with the result that each receives **£157 11s. 3d.**

I am also in the position this week of distributing **£526** amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit, and the names and addresses of the recipients appear below.

As is stated elsewhere, the limerick on which judgment is given this week related to the "Stage Villain." Obviously it afforded abundant scope for last lining, and I was not surprised to find that it ranked among the most popular of the series, and that Mr. Burgin should report to me that the lines have been of a very high standard of merit.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

"Ha! Ha!" cried the vill.in. "Beware!
I'll yet wed yon damsel so fair."
But a mercile:s wit
At the back of the pit

The attempts selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin, together with the names and addresses of the winners, are as follows:

Mr. C. Witherington, 342 High Street, Cheltenham.
Said, "The pit yawns in front, just take care."

Mr. H. Waddington, Roseneath, Godalming, Surrey.
Cried, "You've failed fifty nights—Try elsewhere."

Mr. G. W. Lloyd, Fish Bar, Aberdare, Glam.
Yelled, "It's only 'Pro' tem. Don't despair."

Mr. J. Barker, Ufton, Southam S.O., Warwickshire.
Was chucked out to be witty elsewhere.

Mr. W. Anderson, 106 Glasgow Road, Clydebank, Dumbartonshire.
Called, "There's Scotch marriage law here: Take care."

Mr. T. G. Aston, 3 Churchill Terrace, Ballsbridge, Dublin.
Shouted, "Hi! You're in Scotland. Take care."

Mr. A. Baldry, 28 Dallin Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Yelled out, "Time." And he got it—elsewhere.

Mr. W. E. Elton, 14 Lenham Gardens, Sutton, Surrey.
Cried, "You're hard hit." He was, then and there.

Mr. C. R. Koop, 6 Park Lane, Croydon.
Shouted, "Hist!" And he was, then and there.

Mr. M. Gibson, *Herald* Office, Ardrossan, N.B.
Cried, "By gad! You've my sympathy there!"

She took just biscuits and water.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Lean" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, Oct. 17th.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) three-fourths will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration, and one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN,

the well-known author, who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 21.

There was a young girl of eighteen,
Who thought 'twould be nice to be lean.
She took to support her
Just biscuits and water,
_____
_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

LIST OF 526 WINNERS OF £1 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

Abell, S., Barrow-on-Soar, Leicester.
Abraham, H. V., 30 Lower Leeson St., Dublin.
Acres, W. M., 11 Mount View Rd., Stroud Green.
Allan, C. G. D., 76 Comiston Rd., Edinbro'.
Albutt, Mrs., 45 Pembroke Rd., Bristol.
Allan, F., 37 Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush.
Allen, E. J., 48 Dukes Ave., Chiswick.
Austen, C., 14 Gordon Rd., Aldershot.
Antill, Miss E., 131 Salt St., Bradford.
Arnold, H., 33 Baden Powell St., Barrow-in-F.
Atkinson, T. F., 11 Florence Rd., Wimbledon.
Ayles, F. W., 63 Northbrook Rd., S'hampton.
Badder, H. C., 21 Warbreck Rd., Aintree.
Bain, J. L., 21 High St., Elie.
Baker, A., 11 Bramshill Rd., Harlesden.
Ball, Jnr., J., 4 Greendale Tce., Saltash.
Ball, Mrs., 24 Leopold St., So. Wigston, Leicester.
Ballinger, Miss A., 2 Boothtown Rd., Halifax.
Bamford, Mrs. E., Oldbury, Atherstone.
Bancroft, Mrs. H., 34 Oxford Gdns., Ladbroke Grove.
Barraclough, D., 58 Baldwin St., Bristol.
Bartholomew, G. E., 337 Fawcett Rd., Southsea.
Bastin, H. A., 100 Porter Rd., Derby.
Batcheldor, B. C., 94 Westfield Rd., Portsmouth.
Bawden, A. A., H.M. Hospital Staff, Wormwood Scrubbs.
Beard, C. T., Chief Sec.'s Office, Dublin Castle.
Beardsworth, Miss J., 94 Granville Rd., Blackburn.
Beaton, J., 114 North Hanover St., Glasgow.
Beck, A., 98 Stoke Newington Rd., N.
Beggs, D. C., Ballyclare, co. Antrim.
Bennett, A. T., Willow Walk, West Green, Tottenham.
Berry, S. H., Churchgate St., Bury St. Edmunds.
Beveridge, Miss J., 20 Tillie St., Glasgow.
Biddle, F., 63 Risca Rd., Newport, Mon.
Birchenough, Queen Sq., Ashton-under-Lyne.
Bishop, W. F., 55 Queen Charlotte St., Bristol.
Bland, W. P., 1 Belvoir Tce., Sneinton, Notts.
Booth, C., Box 488, Royal Exchange, Manchester.
Booth, F., 47 Ellesmere Rd., Stockton Heath.
Bougourd, R., Dalgairns Ave., Gibauderie, Guernsey.
Boulter, F. C., 9 Belluton Rd., Bristol.
Bowyer, W. H., 18 Rychill Gdns., Leith, N.B.
Bradbury, Mrs. B., New St., Braintree, Essex.
Bramwell, Miss K., 46 Essex Rd., London.
Bratt, W. G., 33 Arley Hill, Bristol.
Brayne, J. W., 38 Market St., New Mills, Stockport.
Brenner, I. S., 8 Rokeby Ave., Bristol.
Brevia, L., 14 St. James St., Vauxhall, Birmingham.
Brightwell, W., 6 Empress Chambers, Southampton.
Brock, T. A., Arundine House, Cambridge.
Brown, Mrs. B., 1 Graig Tce., Ferndale, S. Wales.
Brown, W. A., 174 Park Rd., Crouch End.
Brown, W. H., Enfield, Dunmurry, near Belfast.
Browne, T., 90 Sun St., Hanley.
Brocklesby, G. H., 187 Legsby Ave., Grimsby.
Bruce, A. P., 19 Palmerston St., Consett.
Bruce, J., 3 Yeaman's Alley, Lochee, N.B.
Bruce, Mrs., Grammar School, Wortley, Leeds.
Burges, S. L., 172 High St., Stirchley, Birmingham.
Burgess, A., 23 Court Rd., Bristol.
Burns, Mrs., 72 Whateley Rd., Handsworth, B'ham.
Button, J. H., High St., Neyland, Pembroke.
Burton, J., 36 Methuen Rd., Portsmouth.
Bullard, C. F., 249 High St., Eastleigh.
Cameron, G. M., Forest Cottage, Windsor.
Cammack, J. C., 71 Loampit Vale, Lewisham.
Campbell, J., Aitken's Bldgs., Grangemouth.
Carlisle, D., 1 Belmont Rd., Bristol.
Carr, A., 17 Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush.
Carter, A. C., Sturt House, Canada Rd., Deal.
Castell, W. H., Abington Pk. Parade, Northampton.
Castle, C., 20 Cloudesdale Rd., Balham.
Chalmers, D., 365 Paisley Rd., Glasgow.
Chatfield, Miss M., St'n. House, Glenwhilly, Stranraer.
Cheetham, F., 3 Spring Hall Pl., Halifax.
Clapham, J., 44 James St., Oxford St., W.
Clark, H., 5 York Rd., Beverley.
Clarkeson, E., 9 Draper St., Newington Butts.
Clegg, H., 17 Leigh Ave., Marple, Cheshire.
Cochrane, T., 169 Henderson St., Glasgow.
Cohen, M., 51 Gloucester Rd., Finsbury Pk.
Cole, J., Conservative Club, Longsight, Manchester.
Coleman, A. E., 121 High St., Wandsworth.
Coleman, J. R., 17 Annesley Place, Dublin.
Collier, E., Cranford, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Collinson, F. E., 2 McDonald Rd., New Southgate.
Cook, A. W., 1 The Polygon, Bristol.
Cooper, C. H., 61 Belgrave Rd., S.W.
Conn, W. T., 39 Greenmore Rd., Bristol.
Connell, F., "Abbotsford," Wimbledon.
Cossens, G. W., Bronpadarn, Aberystwyth.
Cousin, I. B., Queen's Rd., Beeston.
Coutts, L., Ravenshaw, Helensburgh, N.B.
Coverdale, J. R., 37 Meldon Tce., S. Shields.
Cowdrey, C., Station Approach, Oxted.
Cox, J., 50 Tachbrook St., Pimlico.
Crawford, T., 12 N. Hamilton St., Kilmarnock.
Creasey, Mrs. C. A., 48 Albert Grove, Manchester.
Cummings, G. S., 8 Colville Mansions, Bayswater.
Curzon, J., 11 Holmes St., Derby.
Cutler, G. W., 7 Elm Grove Rd., Exeter.
Dalby, A. W., 229 Baker St., Alvaston.
Darnell, H., 26 James St., Enfield.
Dawson, W. N., 29 Leinster Rd., Rathmines, Dublin.
Darry, Mrs., 26 Addingham Rd., Liverpool.
Davey, F., 27 Treford Rd., Wandsworth.
Davidson, J., 353 High St., Kirkcaldy.
Davies, Nurse, 9 Orchard St., Brecon, S. Wales.
Davis, R. P. H., 72 Ham Pk. Rd., Forest Gate.
Dawson, Mrs., Middleton Lodge, Bognor.
De La Mare, W., 19 Palmeira Ave., Westcliff-on-Sea.
Dell, C. E., 40 Atlantic Ave., Belfast.
Denhill, Miss, Hotel Metropole, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Denning, N., Ashley House, Bristol.
Denyer, D., 6 Florence Rd., Chiswick.
Dickerson, J. H., 7 Shaa Rd., Acton.
Diggle, W. F., 61 Ferndale Ave., Wallsend.
Dodderidge, H. G., 5 Waymouth Ave., Dorchester.
Dodge, G. B., South Kensington Hotel, S.W.
Dodgson, R. F., Hylton Villa, Brentwood.
Downing, F. W., 38 Thames St., Kingston.
Drew, Mrs., Cleveland Villa, Torquay.
Drummond, J. A., Cochrane St., Falkirk, N.B.
Dubois, Miss C. A., 13 West Bank, Amhurst Park, N.
Duffett, W. H., 2 Daisy Av., Longsight, Man.
Dunbar, W., 12A Portsmouth Rd., Guildford.
Duncan, G., 44 Esslemont Ave., Aberdeen.
Eagling, W., 103 Park Lane, Middlesbro'
Earlam, J., Blind and Deaf School, Stoke-on-Trent.
Ede, S. T. H., 58 Bristol Rd., Edgbaston, B'ham.
Edgar, W. B., 34 Woodstock Rd., Bristol.
Edwards, E. B., 55 Enville St., Stourbridge.
Eldridge, S. E., Sailors' Home, Cardiff.
Eldrid, S. P., South Brentor Farm, Tavistock.
Elener, G. A., 71 Earl Pk. Ave., Newlands, Glas.
Ellis, J. W., 5 Sandside, Scarborough.
Ellis, P. H., 3 Brindley St., New Cross.
Embleton, B., Jnr., 53 Roman Rd., E.
Emery, Miss E., 3 Hawthorn Rd., Up. Edmonton.
Emmott, S., 167 Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow.
Ereaut, E. J., Kenmuir, W. Kensington Pk.
Evan, H., 11 Cromwell Rd., Bristol.
Evans, Mrs., 85 Park Lane, Stoke Newington.
Finlinson, E. I., 19 George St., Bedford.
Finn, F. D., 197 Lower Clapton Rd., N.E.
Foley, G., R.A.M. Corps, Bulford Camp.
Forde, William, 26 Up. Westbourne Gdns., Hove.
Forrester, H., 122 Bonnington Rd., Leith.
Forster, A. M., The Nook, Sanderstead.
Foster, H. S., 32 Henderson Rd., Portsmouth.
Footner, E., 2 Stratton Place, Portobello.
Fotheringham, R. P., 30 Claremont Tce., Edinburgh.
Francis, A. J., 105 Connaught Rd., Roath, Cardiff.
Franks, B., 26 Salem St., Jarrow-on-Tyne.
Freeman, C., East St., Colyton, Devon.
Frew, Mrs., 17 Richmond St., Glasgow.
Frye, N. C., 10 Queen's Gdns., Ealing.
Fulton, D., 54 Victoria St., S.W.
Furley, C., 35 Palmerston Rd., Boscombe.
Gabbey, R., Cowleigh Lodge, Malvern.
Galt, J., 40 South St., Greenock.
Gardner, W. A., 12-13 High St., Exeter.
Geddes, E., 108 George St., Edinburgh.
Gibson, R. J., 15 Phœnix Lodge Mnsns., Brook Green.
Goode, J., 25 Lawford Rd., Rugby.
Goodwin, H., 13 Gilmore Rd., S.E.
Goodman, P. T., 75 Brick Lane, E.
Goodsir, W. T., Eskdale, Harrow.
Gore, R., 36 Cambridge Rd., Battersea.
Gravely, Dr. H., Uckfield, Sussex.
Green, A., 62 Ryecroft St., Ashton-under-Lyne.
Green, J., 15 Trevenson St., Camborne.
Grey, L., Dorset Grange, Christchurch.
Griffith, L. H., The Dimple, Crich, Matlock.
Grimshaw, W. S., The Beeches, Lurgan, Ireland.
Guest, J. R., Greystones, Ireland.
Haden, Mrs., School House, Stourbridge.
Hadfield, H., 22 Varna Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Hall, T., 34 Chantrey Rd., Sheffield.
Hall, Mrs., 30 Alexandra Rd., Erith.
Hally, T., 47 Lower Union St., Dowlais, Glam.
Hammond, J., 34 Pall Mall, Hanley.
Hardman, E. T., The Chalet, Godalming.
Hargreaves, Mrs., Silverdale, Sale, Manchester.
Harman, R. V., 64 Park Rd., Bromley.
Harris, Mrs., 129 Richmond St., Bristol.
Harris, W. G., 9 Railway Tce., Wembley.
Harrison, A., 38 Nunthorpe Rd., York.
Hart, R., 1 Beechwood Ave., Stockport.
Hatfield, A. B., 63 Lodge Rd., Southampton.
Hawkins, E., 12 Hobart Tce., Moorville.
Hawksworth, R., Willaston, Crewe.
Haworth, A., 40 Church St., Church, Lancs.
Hayes, J. J., 15 Clapham Mnsns., Clapham.
Heap, Mrs., 14 Ferndale St., Burnley.
Henderson, Mrs., 4 Villas-on-Heath, Hampstead.
Henderson, R., 69 St. Leonards St., Edinburgh.
Henningsen, T. A., 59 Wilberforce Rd., Hendon.
Henry, Robinson, 4 Talbot St., Belfast.
Herbert, H. A., 1 Southwold Mnsns., W.
Higgins, H., Old Horse Shoes, Sandy, Beds.
Hill, J. R., 9 Tatlock St., Leeds.
Hobley, E., High St., Shepton Mallet.
Hodge, Miss B., 169 Gt. George St., Hillhead, Glasgow.
Hogarth, L. B., 134 Grange Rd., Bermondsey, S.E.
Home, Mrs., 22 Eastern Ave., Reading.
House, E. C., 3 Lynwood Villas, Farnham.
Houston, A., 198 Watt St., Glasgow.
How, Miss F., 81 Barrett Rd., Walthamstow.
Howard, J. T., Central Telegraph Office, E.C.
Howard, Mrs., 68 Hatfield St., Blackfriars, S.E.
Howcroft, H., 29 Lever Edge Lane, Bolton.
Howels, J. E., 24 Leigh Rd., Westcliff.
Hubbard, G., 12 Annandale Rd., Chiswick.
Hucks, Mrs. E., 6 Howitt Rd., Hampstead.
Hughes, A., 81 St. Anne Hill, Wandsworth, S.W.
Hunter, A., 482 Duke St., Glasgow.
Ife, A., 43 Ambleside Drive, Southend.
Incles, W., Marple Bridge, Stockport.
Ireland, Mrs. A., 51 Lochend Rd. West, Edinburgh.
Jackson, Miss E., 4 Canterbury Rd., Birmingham.
Jackson, G. W., Seamoor Rd., Bournemouth.
Jackson, J. P., County Offices, Preston.
Jackson, S., 6 Grantham Place, Bradford.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)

Lèse Majesté is Possible in Britain.

Many people blissfully imagine that *lèse majesté*—that is, insulting Royalty—is a crime peculiar to foreign countries and unknown in free and happy Britain. That, however, is where they make a mistake.

There are all sorts of pains and penalties on the statute book relative to peculiar British forms of *lèse majesté*. Many of them have fallen into oblivion or abeyance owing to one cause or another, but they could still be enforced if those in high places claimed all they are strictly entitled to.

It is, for instance, technically a punishable offence to stick a penny stamp on a letter upside down. Doing so is to insult the King through his effigy, and a few centuries ago—supposing penny stamps to have been then invented—might easily have landed the offender in prison on a charge of seeking to bring ridicule on the Sovereign, or to express contempt for his authority, by causing his picture to stand on its head.

Also it is a punishable offence to deface a coin of the realm bearing the Royal image, and then deliberately put it into circulation again.

Any private individual who audaciously hoisted the Royal standard over his dwelling would get into serious trouble. He would be peremptorily ordered to take it down and abjectly apologise, and if he escaped a heavy fine would have to thank His Majesty's forbearance for his good luck. The Royal standard is the emblem of the King's regal authority, to be displayed only where he is personally present, and for a subject to hoist it is nominally equivalent to high treason. The Union Jack, as the flag of the nation, is a different thing altogether, and can be displayed by anybody.

DEATH WOULD FOLLOW A BLOW.

It is popularly supposed that in this country a man can get up and say whatever he likes about the Sovereign with impunity. This is true only within strictly defined limits. A Socialist orator can publicly denounce the theoretical evils of monarchical institutions and announce a decided preference for a republic, and nobody can touch him.

But if he once began to speak insultingly or slightingly of the King personally, he would be at once "run in" or, at least, effectually suppressed by the nearest policeman.

To strike the King would, according to the strict letter of the law, render the assailant liable to the death penalty, no matter how trifling the blow was in reality.

Lieutenant Pape, who is usually reckoned amongst those who attempted the life of the late Queen Victoria, could not have actually contemplated murder. He had no lethal weapon in his possession at the time of the outrage, but he struck Her Majesty across the face with his walking stick. This was sufficient to bring him within the shadow of the scaffold. He was condemned to death, and would have been hanged had his sentence not been commuted.

Apart from direct methods of committing *lèse majesté* in England—and the foregoing does not by any means exhaust the list—the unwary subject can be guilty of the offence in a more roundabout way.

LÈSE MAJESTÉ ON THE STAGE.

It is *lèse majesté* to bring the King's uniform into contempt. Members of theatrical companies who have appeared on the stage as comic characters attired in discarded military or naval uniforms have occasionally been unpleasantly reminded of this fact. Careful stage-managers put themselves on the safe side by seeing that no uniform, whether to be worn by the hero, villain, or low comedian of the piece, is an exact copy of the real uniform of any branch of His Majesty's forces.

It is *lèse majesté* to insult a judge on the bench.

This is because a British judge, while nothing in himself, is in theory the King's shadow, to whom the Royal dignity and attributes are for the time being delegated, in part, at least. This is essentially the case with the chief of all the judges, the Lord Chancellor. When sitting on the Woolsack, he is the "Shadow of His Majesty," and a personage whom it is very risky to offend or even differ from. How many people are aware that if they hold religious or moral opinions of which the Lord Chancellor disapproves, he has the power to take away their children from their custody and to declare them not fit and proper persons to have charge of the little ones.

Holding such objectionable opinions is, to all intents and purposes, *lèse majesté*, since, by a figure of the law, they are held to be obnoxious, not to the Chancellor merely, but to the King, whose servant he is.

CYCLING ALMOST A MILE A MINUTE.

The cycling track tragedy which occurred in Berlin the other day brings prominently to public notice the great speed attained by pace following cyclists.

In the Berlin accident the back tyre of one of the motor pacemakers burst, and the rider was hurt. A medical attendant hurrying across the track to his relief was struck by a motor pacing a second cyclist. The attendant was instantly killed, and the motorist and cyclist were thrown and severely injured.

The race was one of 100 kilometres (62 miles 246 yards), and Walthour, the injured cyclist, won the world's championship last year by covering this distance in just over 1 hour 18 minutes. Walthour is an American professional. The land of stars and stripes, however, must not boast about its son's performance. The feat, amazing as it seems, has been easily beaten.

At Munich, also last year, a cyclist pedalled 59 miles 86 yards in one hour, and took only three minutes some few odd seconds longer to complete 160 kilos. This, a greater speed than many express trains, on a safety bicycle!

Of course, these performances were attained by the aid of pacing. Still, it speaks well for the stamina and endurance of the cyclist.

In these paced races the cyclist is only as fast as the motor which leads the way. When a motor cycle is produced capable of travelling full sixty miles in sixty minutes, then, and not till then, will racing cyclists be able to do likewise. As will be imagined, special cycles and motors are used in these events. The cycle enables its rider to get close up to the motorist; thus he is shielded from wind, and to some extent is drawn along by suction.

It may be mentioned that Leon Meredith, the celebrated British amateur champion, took an hour and a half to complete 100 kilos. It is also interesting to note that the one mile paced record stands at 1 minute 1 1-5th seconds.

Bald Customer: "Can you really recommend this pomade?"

Hairdresser: "Very highly, sir. Look what a head of hair I've got, and now" (removing his wig) "see what I looked like before I used it."

OH, DRY THOSE TEARS.

A cabman once drove a lady and her little girl from Euston to Charing Cross.

On the way a particle of dust entered the eye of the driver, causing him considerable annoyance.

On arriving at their destination the lady gave the cabby just the bare fare, and then, this being the first opportunity the cabman had, he took out his handkerchief and attempted to extract the cause of his pain.

The little girl, perceiving this, spoke a few words to her mother, and then ran back to the Jehu, saying:

"Please, cabby, mother says you are not to cry; here is another sixpence."

Invalid: "Is this a good place for the nerves?"

Proprietor of the Health Resort: "It is. Why, when I opened up here I only charged ten shillings a day—now I've got the nerve to charge twenty-five."

WRITING LOVE-LETTERS WITH WATERFALLS.

From California comes the announcement of the death of the eccentric San Francisco millionaire, Mr. Charles Edward Evelyn, who some years back harnessed the Bridal Veil Fall, in the Yosemite Valley, and made it spell out a proposal of marriage to the lady who afterwards became his wife, and is now his widow.

This he did by causing an up-and-down-sliding sluice-gate to be fixed at the top of the fall, in such a way that the stream—a very tiny one—could be cut off at will for a small fraction of time.

The apparatus was worked by a couple of army telegraphists, who had no difficulty in raising and lowering it in such a manner as to cause the cascade to spell out a message, the longer and shorter jets and spurts of water corresponding to the dashes and dots of the ordinary telegraphic code.

The fashion thus set, soon spread, and the romantically-named fall was utilised after a similar fashion some half-dozen times in as many months. Then the State authorities intervened, forbidding the practice, and amorous swains burning to distinguish themselves after the manner indicated betook them to the Falls of Minnehaha ("laughing water"), in Minnesota.

The custodians of this small, but—thanks to Longfellow—world-famous waterfall, so far from raising any difficulties, quickly realised the monetary possibilities of the idea, and had a sliding sluice-gate of their own fixed up, which anybody could use on payment of a certain fixed fee.

They reaped a golden harvest, too, for a while. But presently the novelty of the thing wore off. And to-day the sluice-gate that has spelt out, in foaming jets of flashing water, many scores of loving messages, is used for the prosaic and unsportsmanlike purpose of trapping the mountain trout that are brought down by the Minnehaha River when it is in flood.

By a MERCHANT SAILOR.

The sailor has always been noted for the ease with which he gets rid of his money. But as though he could not spend it fast enough himself, there are harpies of all kinds eager to rid him of it.

By the very nature of his life, passed at sea, remote from towns, Jack is in many respects a very simpleton and falls an easy prey.

Precedence among these vultures must be given to the last man a landsman would think of—the ship's captain. A large majority of the masters of British "tramp" steamers think it no shame to make use of their position as Jack's banker and law-giver to make all they can out of him.

When Jack "signs on" a ship's articles, one of the stipulations to which he has necessarily to agree is that from that moment until he is "paid off" on concluding the voyage, he will receive money on account of wages earned, only "at master's option." When the ship reaches a foreign port the captain may give him some of the money he has already earned, or, with no cause assigned, may refuse it.

Whether he gives money or not, the result is the same in the long run. If the captain gives money he issues it in the coin of the country, but the men have to sign for it in English money, calculated at the captain's rate of exchange.

For instance, I have been offered thirteen rupees (17s. 4d.) for which I had to sign my name to a receipt for a sovereign. This left 2s. 8d. clear profit for the captain, and when this amount is cleared every Saturday night on every member of the crew before the mast, it amounts to a considerable sum.

A COMMISSION FOR THE CAPTAIN.

Of course, the men may refuse to take the money on these terms, but then they will get none, and thus cannot obtain their few necessaries and luxuries.

In those cases where the captain does not give money, he generally allows a "bumboat" man and a tailor to supply the men with what they may require, and charges their bills to the men's individual accounts. These tradesmen pay the captain a high commission for the privilege of supplying the crew, and, of course, Jack has to pay this commission in the shape of enhanced prices. The iniquities of this system may be best shown by detailing a case.

In February, 1906, I was a member of the crew of a large Glasgow steamer just arrived in Antwerp from Australia. Most of the crew had been over two years on board, and had sums of thirty or forty pounds due to them. They asked the captain for some money, but he curtly refused it. At the same time he appointed a tailor and a shoemaker with orders to let the men have as much as they wished.

The men were soon to be paid off, and did not require clothes, and, instead, as is the general custom in dealing with this class of tradesmen, got cash from them, signing bills for clothing, and so on, in return. The cash was supplied at the rate of seven francs—5s. 10d.—on signing a bill for 10s.!

HE SIMPLY *MUST* BE SWINDLED.

Of course, every captain is not so bad as this. I have sailed with captains who gave money every Saturday at market rates, and refused to have anything to do with tailors and "bumboats." Most unfortunately, such men are scarce.

"Advance notes" are also a cause of Jack being freely swindled. These are a kind of promissory note, payable to the seaman or his order three days after he leaves the port where he "signed on." They are generally issued for the value of half a month's wages, and their object is to enable the man to purchase any things he may require for the voyage.

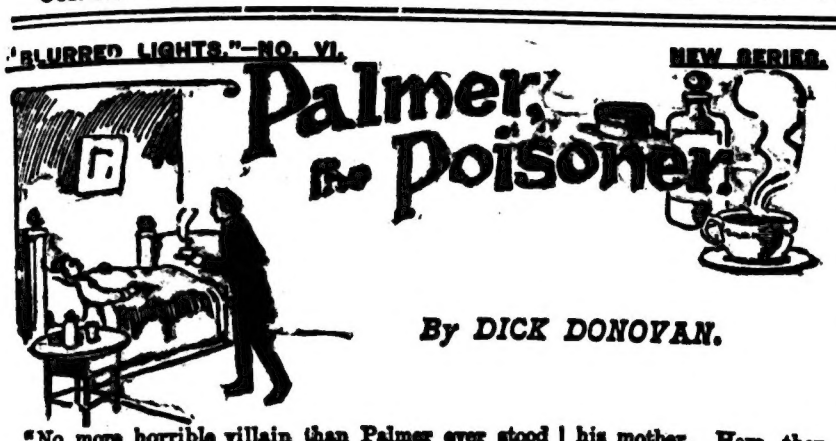
Such men as have friends able to cash the note for them can have no complaint to make; but, unfortunately, the majority of sailors have no such friends, and must take the note to a "boarding-master," or "nautical outfitter."

But disappointment awaits the innocent soul who expects to get his money. He finds that for "cashing" his note of, perhaps, £2 value, he must pay 2s. in the pound as "commission," and, in addition, must buy clothes or necessaries, at about 25 per cent, above market prices, to the value of some twenty-five or thirty shillings. This leaves Jack with clothing to the value of about one pound and some four to eight shillings cash in exchange for his note for £2.

If Jack thinks the bargain is too one-sided and refuses the tradesman's offer, he may tramp the town from one end to the other in vain. He has no boots, no working clothes, no soap, matches, mattress, or what not. He is about to sail on a long voyage, and cannot do without them. He simply *must* submit.

Girls of eighteen, vegetarians, fat and thin people of both sexes, are specially requested to look at this week's Limerick Competition. (See first page.)

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. VI. NEW SERIES.



By DICK DONOVAN.

"No more horrible villain than Palmer ever stood in a dock."

Such is the emphatic utterance of Mr. Justice Stephen in his reference to Palmer in "History of the Criminal Law." And no one who reads the sordid story of Palmer's dastardly crimes is likely to find fault with Mr. Justice Stephen's pronouncement.

At all times murder is horrible, but the horror is intensified when murder is the result of poisoning. The secret poisoner is a cold-blooded, deliberate slayer, in whom cruelty reaches its acme of development.

There is scarcely any poison known to the toxicologist which does not to a greater or lesser extent produce intense suffering. Prussic acid causes almost instantaneous death, therefore it is never used by the secret poisoner who prefers to slay his victim by slow degrees, and that necessarily implies torture. The criminal aims at setting up symptoms in his victim which are so closely allied to those of natural disease as to be indistinguishable, and thus he hopes to escape detection. The risk, however, is very great, for even if the pathologist is baffled for a time, the post-mortem examiner is not likely to be deceived in so far as poisons classified in the British Pharmacopœia are concerned.

Nevertheless, there are certain poisons in the vegetable world that produce slow and certain death, and yet leave no trace behind. Fortunately, however, these poisons are known only to science, and cannot easily be obtained for criminal purposes.

POISON EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

There is one mineral and one vegetable poison which almost from time immemorial have found favour with those who wished to destroy human life—namely, arsenic and strychnine. Yet both these powerful drugs cause the most intense suffering, and their ante-mortem and post-mortem effects are well known to even the average medical man. Notwithstanding this, they seem to have a fascination for the poisoner, though probably the relative ease with which they can be procured has something to do with this. Strychnine is a comparatively new poison. It is an alkaloid extract of the plant nux vomica. The fruit of the plant, from which strychnine is prepared, is a flat, oblong kernel, of a yellowish or greenish brown colour. When it is powdered up it becomes a dirty grey, with a peculiar and obnoxious smell. To the taste it is intensely bitter, and produces a burning sensation in the mouth. It is only within the last hundred years that its physiological effects have become generally known.

It is said to produce greater agony in the human being than any other poison. In spite of its intense bitterness, it may be administered in minute doses through the medium of food or drink without the victim being aware of it, and its effects are rapid. The symptoms it produces are now so well understood by medical men, that no doctor worthy of the name could possibly be deceived. Consequently, it is very rarely used at the present day as a means of committing murder.

In Palmer's time, that is to say, fifty years ago, few ordinary doctors had any definite knowledge of the effects of this deadly drug. Palmer was perhaps an exception. He seems to have made a close study of the action of certain poisons, and the quantity required to produce slow death, and it is believed that he carried out a series of experiments on various animals.

Whether this was done in the first instance with evil design or not, cannot be stated with certainty, but it was made clear at the trial that he availed himself of the knowledge he possessed to destroy the lives of several human beings, including his one-time intimate friend, John Parsons Cook; but so clumsily did he accomplish the death of this individual that he paid for his bungling with his life. He had robbed and swindled Cook, and, in the haste to get him out of the way, he neglected his usual caution.

ONE OF FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES.

William Palmer, unhappily, was a member of the most noble and most honourable profession in the world. He was a medical practitioner, and came from a good, middle-class family. His father was a merchant of excellent standing. He had seven children, including William. When the old gentleman died he left £21,000 to be settled on his widow for her life, and £7,000 to each of his children.

William was then married, and was practising in Rugeley, Staffordshire, as a doctor. That he was clever and popular is evident by the fact that he had had the largest practice in the town, and was one of the most prominent men in the place. His practice brought him in a very handsome income, and his wife had a modest fortune derived from a life interest in some property. In addition to all this, Dr. Palmer came into possession of £7,000 under his father's will, with prospects of a share of the £21,000 should he outlive his mother. Here, then, we have a prosperous man, well-off financially, and enjoying the honour and esteem of his fellow-men. He lived in good style in a fine house; he kept a carriage and pair of valuable horses, and his household comprised several servants. He was noted for his kindness to the poor, to whom he was at all times willing to give his professional services and advice free. Moreover, at that time, he was singularly affable, had a high reputation for hospitality, and was a constant church attendant. His home life was said to be perfect. He and his wife were apparently devoted to each other. They had had five children, but four, curiously enough, had died in infancy, each one in convulsions, and each about the same age.

When the prosperous and highly-respected Doctor Palmer came into possession of his £7,000, he engaged the services of a qualified assistant named Thirlby, as his practice had become too large for his own personal management, and overtaxed his energies and physical powers.

THE TURF AS A ROAD TO RUIN.

Previous to this he had developed the fatal passion for the Turf, and the curse of gambling fell upon him. For some time he had so managed his racing affairs that only his most intimate acquaintances were aware of his gambling propensities. Under an assumed name he had bred and trained racehorses; but soon after Thirlby's services were engaged, he no longer made any attempt to conceal his weakness, and gradually he began to attend race meetings to the neglect of his practice, and the astonishment of those who had hitherto regarded him as a model of all the proprieties.

The *unco guid* professed to be very much shocked, and his church friends displayed concern about his immortal welfare. Nevertheless, he continued for a while to retain the respect of the townsmen. And had he aspired to the mayoralty, or even to the higher dignity of Parliamentary representative, his aspirations would have been easily gratified. But the gambling mania had seized him, and he began to tread the fatal downward road, the end of which was absolute ruin and a shameful death.

About the end of 1850, everyone who knew William Palmer was amazed to suddenly learn by a public announcement that the popular doctor had sold his flourishing practice to his erstwhile assistant, Thirlby. This step set many tongues wagging, and wiseacres shook their heads dubiously and expressed an opinion that Dr. Palmer was going wrong. Probably, none of them were aware to what extent he had already gone wrong. But at that time he was deeply involved in liabilities. His patrimony had been squandered, the value of his practice heavily mortgaged. It was the old and familiar human story, but none the less sad and heartrending, because common.

In all these cases supreme selfishness is a dominant feature. Such men as Doctor Palmer think only of the gratification of their own desires. They do not take into account the wrong, the anguish, the life-long suffering they inflict upon those related to them. The interests and happiness of relatives and friends are ruthlessly sacrificed. This is not only cowardice; it is cruelty also, and that of the most callous kind. When once a man begins to deaden his moral principles, he is no longer fit to move unfettered among his fellow-mortals.

IN THE GRIP OF A VAMPIRE.

By some means or other Palmer had become acquainted with a scoundrel named Pratt, a solicitor in the West End of London, who was also a moneylender. This fellow belonged to the tribe of harpies who prey and batten on fools like the Rugeley doctor. Pratt lent money at exorbitant interest, and when once he had entangled his victims in his net, he pursued them to their ruin, body and soul, unless they paid him back to the uttermost ounce his pound of flesh.

Palmer was in this man's power. He owed him a large sum of money, and had nothing to pay it with. Had he not been such a moral coward, the doctor would boldly have faced the bankruptcy court, shaken off the grip of the vampire, and commenced life afresh, with every chance of retrieving his fortunes and once more gaining honourable position. But self, and self only, occupied his thoughts, and he was induced to take another long stride on the slippery road to destruction. He insured his wife's life for the large sum of £13,000.

To those who were curious about this, he announced as his reason for so doing that the fortune possessed by Mrs. Palmer died with her. At this time she was a young woman in good health, and had always enjoyed good health, and yet exactly nine months after the insurance had been effected, and the first premium paid, Mrs. Palmer expired suddenly. That was in September of 1854. No suspicion at the time seems to have been aroused. The insurance company paid the £13,000 without a question. The widower was prostrated with grief; he wept and mourned like one who would never again be comforted. His neighbours and friends were loud in their expressions of sympathy, but he declared that never again would he hold up his head. Nearly every penny of the £13,000 went into the pocket of the villain Pratt, who obviously cared not a jot as to the means which had been employed to obtain the insurance money.

POISONED BOTH WIFE AND BROTHER.

By the end of the mournful year which had witnessed Mrs. Palmer's death, the disconsolate husband was once more in sore financial straits. He applied to Pratt to discount bills for him, but the wily solicitor declined to do business on such flimsy security as his client's bill, and so the doctor, on the principle that whom the devil drives needs must, insured the life of his own brother, Walter Palmer. This time the insurance was also for £13,000, and the insurance was effected in the Prince of Wales' Office. As soon as the business was successfully completed, Palmer discounted bills for a total amount of £13,500, and in order to do so he forged his mother's signature to the bills.

Here, again, he displayed his brutal callousness. He was not concerned about his mother's happiness. That ruin would overtake her did not seemingly cause him any uneasiness. Self was above everything, and to that even the mother who bore him must be sacrificed.

The bills began to mature, and, consequently, in August of 1855, exactly eight months after the insurance policy had been taken out, Walter Palmer died suddenly. The villain Pratt was the holder of the bills, and he lost no time in lodging his claim with the insurance people.

But now suspicion had been awakened. It seemed extraordinary that Mrs. William Palmer and Mr. Walter Palmer should each have died suddenly within a year of being insured, and Mr. Pratt, solicitor and moneylender, was informed that not a penny of the £13,000 would be paid.

This was a staggering blow for the harpy, and he began to press his victim for payment. In addition to Pratt's claim, a person named Wright, who resided in Birmingham, had a claim against Palmer for £10,000, and for this he held a bill-of-sale on his debtor's effects. It now leaked out that Palmer had vainly endeavoured to insure the life of one of his acquaintances named Bates, for the enormous sum of £80,000. But no office could be found willing to take the risk, and so Mr. Bates ultimately died a natural death. It was subsequently to be disclosed that though Palmer was indebted to the extent of something like £30,000, his bank balance in November of 1855 was exactly £9 6s.

FORGERY ADDED TO HIS CRIMES.

The once flourishing and much respected doctor was now a ruined and broken man, with two murders to his charge, although, up to this point, no one had possessed sufficient courage to rise up and accuse him.

It seems almost incredible at this time of day that, with the ugly fact against him that the Prince of Wales' insurance office had refused to pay the £13,000 on his brother's life, that Palmer should have been allowed to go scot free. But so it was, and another dark crime was to be added to the list before his crimes were brought home to him. Among Palmer's intimate acquaintances was a dissolute fellow named Cook. This man was a lawyer by profession, but, having come into a fortune of something like £12,000, he gave up the law and took to horse racing.

In September of 1855, Cook had joined Palmer in a bill to the artful wretch Pratt. The amount of the bill was £500, but the moneylender only sent his cheque for £375. The cheque was made payable to the joint order of Palmer and Cook, and it was posted to Palmer, who promptly forged his partner's signature, and pocketed the whole of the £375. How he managed to keep Cook quiet over the matter was not made clear, but that there was no rupture is proved by the fact that on November 12th, 1855, the two men went to Shrewsbury Races, where Cook had a horse of his running.

The horse won a race, whereby his owner netted £380 in stakes and £2,000 in bets. Of this amount he received £800 there and then on the course. On the following day Cook, Palmer, a man named Fisher, and another named Read were drinking together in the room of a public-house at Shrewsbury, when Cook had a glass of brandy and water served to him by Palmer. He drank at a draught about two-thirds of it, when suddenly he exclaimed: "This brandy scorches my throat horribly," and he put the glass on the table. "I wonder if there's anything in it" he added significantly. Palmer immediately caught up the

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood to think, For he'd sent up seventeen good last lines and his heart was beginning to sink—— (See next page.)

glass and poured the small amount of the brandy and water still remaining down his own throat. And as he replaced the glass on the table he remarked: "It's all right; there's nothing the matter with it. Here, you taste it, Read," and he handed the glass to Read.

"What's the use of asking me," said Read, "when the glass is empty?"

Cook was evidently somewhat concerned, for he rose and left the room, asking Fisher to follow him. When they got into the passage, he said to Fisher, "I believe that Palmer has been dosing me, and I want you to take charge of these for me," at the same time handing his friend a number of bank-notes to the value of several hundreds of pounds, the notes he had received on the racecourse.

STRYCHNINE IN THE SOUP.

It is not a little singular that, in spite of this incident and Cook's suspicions, he and Palmer travelled to Rugeley on the following day. Cook put up at the "Talbot Arms," and Palmer went to his own house, which was immediately opposite the hotel. Cook was very unwell, and expressed a fear that something was seriously wrong with him. The next day, however, he seemed all right again, and that evening accepted an invitation to dine with Palmer at the latter's house. There was another guest, a solicitor of the town named Jeremiah Smith, present. He figures later on in the tragic story. After the dinner Cook again complained of feeling unwell, though he stayed for some time and played cards. He was compelled, however, to give in at last, and, hastening across to the "Talbot," he immediately went to bed.

The next morning Palmer went into the hotel, and, having seen the invalid, he ordered him a cup of coffee. It was served and drunk, but no sooner had he taken it than Cook became violently sick. At lunch time Palmer sent a servant to get some broth from a confectioner's shop, and when it was brought the doctor put it down before the fire in his own dining-room to get thoroughly hot—that was his explanation. The black-hearted villain had another reason, however, for its remaining there. Presently he called in the servant again, and told her to procure him a large cup. When it was brought, he poured the soup into it, and sent it to Cook with a message that it was from Jeremiah Smith.

Shortly afterwards Palmer went to the hotel, and found that the sick man had only taken a little of the broth, whereupon he persuaded him to take the rest, as he was sure it would do him good. Cook did as desired, but immediately vomited. Palmer persuaded him that that wasn't a bad sign, and he said he would do all that he could to pull him through. "You are only suffering from a severe attack of biliousness," he added.

The next day was Sunday, and Palmer prepared and sent more broth to the doomed man. The servant who conveyed it was named Elizabeth Mills, and as she carried it upstairs to the invalid's room something prompted her to taste it. Half an hour afterwards she was very sick and vomited for several hours.

Matters had now become serious, and the cold-blooded murderer, steeped to the lips already in crime, must have begun to tremble for his own worthless life, and was at his wits' end what to do to avert suspicion from himself. At last he sent for a very old medical man whom he knew, explaining that his friend Cook was lying prostrated at the "Talbot Arms" with a very bad bilious attack. He also wrote to an apothecary in the town, a Mr. Jones, who was well acquainted with Cook, and in the letter he said:

"Your friend Cook is very ill with a severe attack of biliousness, coupled with diarrhœa. You might come and see him." The medical man, an octogenarian, named Blamford, lost no time in visiting the patient, and on examination found neither biliousness nor diarrhœa. He was surprised at this, and asked Dr. Pal...er how it was he had made such a mistake in his diagnosis. Palmer replied that he had been deceived by the symptoms, and was exceedingly glad now that he had sent for his friend Blamford.

KEEPING SHYLOCK QUIET.

That same evening Cook had another seizure. He suffered great pain internally, and vomited freely, but in the course of the night rallied again, and in the morning was able to get up and dress himself. In the meantime Palmer had slipped off to London, and, going to Tattersall's, he by some means or other succeeded in drawing the balance of Cook's winnings at the Shrewsbury Races. The amount altogether was about £1,600, and part of this he paid to Pratt, the harpy. He was anxious to keep him quiet, for so far the forgery Palmer had committed in writing Cook's name on the cheque of Pratt's for the £375 advanced on the £500 accommodation bill had not been discovered.

As security for this bill the unfortunate man Cook had mortgaged his interest in his two racehorses to Pratt, consequently, the unmitigated scoundrel Palmer, had now beggared him, and had robbed him of every penny, with the exception of the money he entrusted to Fisher. The most wonderful part of this wonderful story of human sordidness and sin is that so far Palmer had managed to elude the law. Double-dyed murderer, thief, and forger as he was, he nevertheless remained a free man, and continued his residence in Rugeley, where, curiously enough, he was still popular, while a good deal of sympathy was expressed for him in what were considered his misfortunes.

He posed as an injured individual; and, though it was an open secret that he had a passion for horse racing, he still attended church, and so, of course, people reposed confidence in him. His hypocrisy was perfect, while his power of deception enabled him to throw dust into the eyes of his most intimate associates.

Like all such men, however, he at last committed an error of judgment which was to lead to his undoing. On returning from London to his home after possessing himself of Cook's money, he called in the evening at the surgery of a brother medico, in Rugeley, a Dr. Salt. This gentleman happened to be out, but his assistant was at home, and Palmer made the fatal mistake of asking him for three grains of strychnine. That mistake was destined to ultimately put the noose round his neck. Of course, as a medical man, he had no difficulty in obtaining the deadly poison from a member of the same profession. Three grains was a large quantity, sufficient, indeed, to kill five or six persons. There is no evidence that the assistant asked any questions, or that Palmer made any statement as to his reason for requiring the drug.

It is necessary to say that the poison was obtained from Salt's surgery on a Monday night as soon as Palmer arrived in the town from London. The following day Cook was not quite so well, and Blamford, the doctor, Jones, the apothecary, and Palmer, held a consultation, and Doctor Blamford came to the conclusion that morphine pills would allay the irritation of the stomach, and he undertook to make them up, while Palmer volunteered to call at Blamford's surgery for them.

COOK'S FAITH IN HIS MURDERER.

This was done; Palmer got the pills, returned to the Talbot Arms, and, going to the room where his victim was lying in bed, he administered two of the pills, and a few minutes afterwards the unhappy man was again seized with a violent attack of vomiting. A little later the apothecary, Jones, called, and noting that Cook seemed very ill, he kindly volunteered to stay all night, and a bed was prepared for him in the invalid's room. Palmer went over to his own house, on the understanding that if his services were required he would be sent for, no matter at what hour.

What is incomprehensible is the faith Cook seemed to have had in his murderer. Notwithstanding that some days before, when with Palmer and others in a public-house, he expressed an opinion that Palmer was "dosing" him, and since then everything Palmer had administered produced violent vomiting, followed by prostration, he retained his confidence in him. This is the more extraordinary when it is remembered that Cook was a lawyer.

About midnight the doomed man became very drowsy, so Jones got into bed, leaving a night-light burning. Ten minutes or so later the invalid started up, and called out to his companion, "I say, Jones, get up. I'm going to be ill again. Send for Palmer quick."

Jones sprang out of bed, rang the bell for a chambermaid, and on her appearance begged her to run across the road and summon Dr. Palmer. The chambermaid did as desired, and almost as soon as she had touched the bell at Palmer's door, he popped his head out of an upper window and inquired what was wanted.

(To be concluded next week.)

MANAGING DIRECTOR: "Well, and what are your qualifications for the post of night watchman?"

Applicant: "Well, sir, for one thing, the least noise wakes me up."

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A Chat with Messrs. R. and C. MONTGOMERIE.

[Mr. R. and Mr. C. Montgomerie are respectively the Hon. Secretary and the Secretary of the Amateur Fencing Association, under whose auspices the first Ladies' Fencing Championship meeting was recently held in London.]

THE fencing girl has come to stay. At least, judging by the success of the recent Ladies' Fencing Championship, which attracted thirty-six competitors at the first time of asking, the foil bids fair to become as popular with the ladies as the tennis racquet, the hockey stick, or the golf club.

For it must be remembered that it takes at least three years of assiduous practice to make even a passable fencer, and none can succeed with the foils who has not both unlimited patience and immense enthusiasm; so that the success of the first championship meeting points to a very real and widespread interest in fencing amongst the feminine sex.

After all, there is nothing surprising in this, for of all pastimes, or certainly of all indoor pastimes, there is none, perhaps, more admirably adapted or more beneficial to women than fencing.

In the first place, brute strength counts for little or nothing with the foils, so that women are not in any way handicapped by their lack of great muscular power. Indeed, great strength is rather a drawback than an advantage in fencing, for, as a rule, the very powerful man is slow on his feet and in his movements, and the biceps of a Sandow are of no avail against the agility and wrist work of a clever fencer.

FENCING DEVELOPS EVERY MUSCLE.

Then the beneficial effects of fencing are incontestable. Physically, it develops every muscle in the body, and strengthens the whole frame, to say nothing of giving that grace and ease of carriage without which even the most beautiful of women can never really look her best. Moreover, fencing, unlike many other pastimes, can be safely indulged in, and thoroughly enjoyed by even the most delicate.

In hockey, for example, a girl has to play for a certain fixed time, and if the period is beyond her strength, she will probably struggle on rather than give in, and thus perhaps do herself lasting harm. In such a game, at all events, the weaker have to conform to the power of the stronger, and a delicate girl cannot really enjoy the game, because all the time she is attempting to go a pace beyond her capabilities.

But in fencing the duration of the bouts can be arranged according to the powers of the contestants. If a girl is incapable of fencing for more than three minutes at a time without undue fatigue, then let her fence for those three minutes only, for by so doing she will derive far more benefit and enjoyment than she would from struggling on after her force is spent. The shortening of the bouts need not in any way lessen the interest or pleasure of the contest.

Then fencing not only entertains, but it instructs, there being few finer mental tonics and developers. For a contest with the foils is essentially a contest of wits, provided always that there is no great disparity in technical skill between the combatants.

But given two fencers of equal technical skill, the one with the cooler, quicker brain and better judgment will always win.

BE AS "COOL AS A CUCUMBER."

Coolness is, indeed, perhaps the most essential quality for success in fencing, and this is where the feminine fencer, as a rule, is weakest.

There is sound sense in the maxim that the best form of defence is attack, but it can easily be carried too far. At the Ladies' Championship, the want of calmness and judgment was most noticeable, and the eventual victor won quite as much by her coolness and "generalship" as by her superior technical skill.

Resource, coolness, judgment, the faculty of quick and instant decision, and a fine sense, not only of physical, but of mental "touch"—these are the qualities developed and fostered by fencing, and they are all, of course, of extreme value to any man or woman.

We might also point out that the woman who can fence need never be afraid of troublesome tramps or other undesirable characters of that description. We are not suggesting that ladies should carry swordsticks wherewith to stick the midriffs of possible assailants, but a well-delivered point with an umbrella or sunshade on the "Adam's apple" of a man's throat is a most effective and paralysing form of defence.

Have we any hints to give to the young feminine fencer? Well, it is really all a matter of practice and patience, supplemented by good teaching, and the last named, unfortunately, is not so easy to get, except in London and a few of the large provincial towns, although fencing schools are now beginning to spring up all over the country. But, so far as any "tips" are concerned, we might say that the first great thing to be learned is to watch your opponent's wrist and blade, and not his eye, as in boxing.

—But he murmured: "Stick to it, Bob, my boy," and once again he tries, And a cheque for a couple of hundred pounds rewards his enterprise.

By Arnold Golsworthy.

"I SHALL have to meet you at the Town Hall," said Mr. Chorley to his wife. "The man tells me I shan't be able to dress myself."

"Oh, very well," replied Mrs. Chorley. "I can just put a cloak and hat over my costume and nobody will notice anything."

This conversation took place as Mr. Chorley was leaving for town in the morning. In the evening the great fancy-dress ball was to take place at the Town Hall for the benefit of the funds of the local hospital. Mrs. Chorley was going as a simple village maiden—type now extinct.

But Mr. Chorley was far more ambitious. Among the costumes which the local agent had brought down from London was a complete suit of armour. It had taken Mr. Chorley's fancy from the first, and when he heard that it could be hired, spurs and all, for a guinea, he said it was worth the money.

But there is no rose without its thorns. Mr. Barleyman, who lived across the road, was the thorn in the present instance. To begin with, the Barleymans paid five pounds a year less rent than the Chorleys, so that there could be no doubt that they were extremely inferior people. Mr. Barleyman was, like Mr. Chorley, a trifle under the average height; and he was a thin, skimpy creature besides. He hadn't got Mr. Chorley's imposing presence, especially about the waistcoat. But that didn't stop him from being a most aggressive little man.

When he heard that Mr. Chorley was going to the fancy-dress ball, Mr. Barleyman replied that that settled it. He wouldn't be able to go himself, as he was very careful about the company he mixed with.

Mr. Chorley had decided a day or two previously to take the suit of armour. It had apparently been made for a small man like himself, and there had been no rush for it. On the way home this Barleyman person was

Mr. Chorley knew he could find the valiant knight in the refreshment bar.

standing at his garden gate, and Mr. Chorley couldn't help breaking the news to him.

"I've decided to go to the ball as a knight in armour," he said in a haughty tone to Mr. Barleyman. "My ancestors were knights, you know, and I thought it would be most appropriate."

"Ah," said Mr. Barleyman. "That accounts for it. I've always understood that the old knights were a pretty low-down lot."

Mr. Chorley gave a snort of contempt and passed on. Meanwhile, Mr. Barleyman went indoors for his hat and then took a stroll into the town to inspect the suit of armour. It had never occurred to Chorley that he was to be the victim of base deceit and underhanded treachery. But, as he told Mrs. Chorley afterwards, that was what had happened.

As soon as he arrived at the shop where the costumes were being hired and fitted, on the eventful evening, Chorley put his black bag and his umbrella on a chair and called for his armour just as a gallant knight of old might have done. Then the costumier came forward and broke the news. Mr. Chorley had offered a guinea for the hire of the armour, but had not had the forethought to secure it by payment in advance.

"Well, that doesn't matter, does it?" said Chorley. "I'll pay now. I've got the money with me."

"I'm very sorry," said the costumier with a sympathetic smile, "but another gentleman came down yesterday and secured the armour for thirty shillings, cash down, and as it's so much more for the charity, we had to accept it. He's just driven off to the Town Hall now in a fly. We had a tremendous job to get him into it, as a lot of the sections had to be screwed together on him. His name is Mr.—er—oh, yes, Mr. Barleyman. He particularly wished me to tell you that his name was Barleyman."

Mr. Chorley raved and fumed tremendously, and threatened all sorts of things, from suing the costumier for breach of promise to running round to the Town Hall and twisting Mr. Barleyman's neck on the spot. The worst of it was that it was now too late for anything like an extensive choice. In fact, as the costumier pointed out, Mr. Chorley would have to choose between going as a harlequin or a Chinese giant.

The harlequin dress was of course out of the question; and it took half an hour to tuck in the giant's costume so as to reduce it to somewhere near Mr. Chorley's size. Then the wig to which the pig-tail was attached had to be wadded up with blotting paper to prevent it falling over Mr. Chorley's eyes, and he felt quite dismal about it all. And then again, even with all the tucking in, the costume was fully large. As Mr. Chorley was shambling across the shop, he tripped up and nearly fell out of his clothes. It was most annoying.

Chorley was not a pugnacious man by any means; but it wasn't likely he could let this Barleyman person run off with that coveted suit of armour without a vigorous protest. Immediately on his arrival at the Town Hall, he rushed round the rooms in pursuit of the enemy. As he had expected, there was no sign of Barleyman in the dancing hall; and after a moment's reflection he decided that there was only one spot where the valiant knight was likely to be found—namely, the refreshment room. And Mr. Chorley was right first time.

Barleyman had got the visor of his helmet up and was attacking single-handed a really noble pile of sandwiches. As soon as he saw Chorley he scrambled to his feet and drew on the heavy gauntlet that he had removed a few moments previously in order to enable him to get a better grip of his food. With a genial smile he held out his mailed hand and said:

"How do, Chorley? I hope they broke the news to you gently."

"Never you mind how they broke it," snapped Chorley. "You're a mean little cur. And I've half a mind to smack your head!"

Barleyman brought his visor down over his face with a click. "Smack—what?" he giggled through the bars.

Mr. Chorley realised his mistake. There was absolutely no part of Barleyman that could be smacked without damaging the smacker very considerably. But something had to be done to keep people like that in their place, and, carried away by the excitement of the moment, Chorley gave Barleyman a violent push and made a dent in the wall with him about a foot square.

It took Barleyman the best part of a minute to recover his centre of gravity, owing to the dead weight of metal he was carrying about him. As soon as he had got himself into the straight again, he said angrily:

"Now don't you provoke me, Chorley. I've got the laugh on my side. You can't hit me, and if I should lose my temper and catch you a clipper, it 'ud be a hospital job for you."

"You miserable little rat," spluttered Chorley. "I—I——"

The arrival of the M.C. nipped Chorley's threat in the bud.

"Gentlemen," he said, "don't let's have any unpleasantness this evening, if you please."

"I demand to have this person thrown out—pigtail and all," said Barleyman, who had derived an unusual supply of courage from the sense of security his armour afforded him.

"Rubbish," said the M.C. "You can't come here and make things unpleasant for everybody just because you happen to be in armour, you know."

"Oh, can't I?" retorted Barleyman, losing his head a little in the excitement. "You'll be wanting to throw me out next. It'll take a dozen of you, I give you my word."

"That's the worst of letting people of this class get at the sherry," observed Mr. Chorley to no one in particular, by way of an "aside." Barleyman heard it, however, and turned angrily on him. "You know, Chorley," he said, "you're asking for it. You are, really."

At this moment somebody gave the gallant knight a push from behind, and in his effort to recover his equilibrium he fell forward on his knees. To his disgust he found he could not rise again without assistance. He sat back for a moment to reconsider the situation, and

"You can't make things unpleasant for everybody just because you're in armour," said the M.C.

then straightened himself up again with a yell of pain. He had forgotten the spurs.

"I really think you had better go home," said the M.C. gently.

"Oh, do you?" said Barleyman defiantly. "Think again. You may have the luck to think of something sensible next time."

"It's only that suit of armour that makes him feel so saucy," explained Chorley. "If a couple of you would hold him down, I believe I could get him out with a sardine-opener in five minutes."

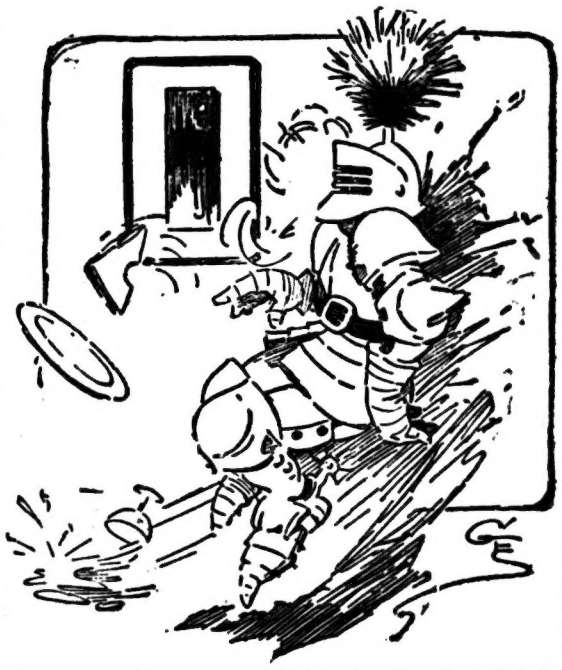
"We don't, of course, want to interfere with anybody's choice of costume," said the M.C., addressing Mr. Chorley. "But a suit of armour is hardly the kind of thing to have worn on an evening like this. It was bound to be an annoyance to somebody."

"That's my opinion exactly," replied Chorley.

"Get out!" snapped Barleyman. "Why, you were going to wear it yourself."

"I've no wish to argue the matter with you, Barleyman," said Chorley in a lofty tone. "Somebody's gone for the dresser, and they'll have you out on the half-shell in about two minutes. They're going to get at you if they have to use the nutcrackers to you. If you were my little lot, I should pour a jug of water in at the top and flood you out."

Chorley did not wait for Barleyman's remarks, but walked off in a dignified way with the M.C. Later on in the evening he heard with a chuckle of delight that Barleyman had been got out of his shell with a screw-driver, and had been sent home wrapped up in an old table cloth.



Chorley gave Barleyman a violent push and made a dent in the wall with him about a foot square.

(Another episode in Mr. Chorley's career will be related next week.)

There's a gold mine in the first page with ten large nuggets and lots of gold dust. Why not have a dig?

Picked Pars.

Glad to Hear It.

"Illtoday" was the name of a juror at an inquest held recently. At Poplar, a few days later, a juryman answered to the name of "Bettermuch."

Did it on Porpoise.

A porpoise collided with Mr. Thomas O'Connor's yacht *Water Hen* in the Shannon, and upset it. Mr. O'Connor narrowly escaped drowning, and the yacht was badly damaged.

Pickled Puss.

After being missed from its home at Havant for three days, a cat was discovered firmly fixed in an old square pickle bottle, which had to be smashed before it could be liberated.

Expensive Putridity.

At Southampton recently a fishmonger named John Hillier was fined £5 and costs for exposing putrid crabs for sale. It was stated that the defendant had rendered himself liable to a penalty of £980.

Flirting a Crime.

A South Dakota Council has passed an ordinance prohibiting flirting in public places under pain of fine or imprisonment. Couples are forbidden to eat candy or peanuts in the street, or to loiter in doorways or on the steps of public buildings.

Handy Maria.

The Tynemouth Town Council intends to purchase a prison van. When there are no prisoners to be carried to Newcastle Gaol, the Black Maria is to be used as an emergency ambulance or fire engine.

Passed with Honours.

Germany is systematic in everything, even in crime. In the course of the trial of a thief at Cologne, the prosecuting lawyer stated that investigation had shown that the prisoner was a graduate of the high school for pickpockets, established at Essen.

Race for Legless Cripples.

Paris is noted for the number of its legless cripples, who propel themselves along the street in little box-trollies by means of their arms. This fact has prompted the proprietors of a French sporting journal to organise an international race for legless cripples of both sexes.

Fond of Funerals.

Since her mother's death, two months ago, Miss Adelaide Korizek, of Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A., has been possessed with an uncontrollable desire to attend funerals, and to this end she sent through the post to personal friends sweetmeats doctored with arsenic. Some narrow escapes from death are recorded, and the young lady is now safe within the State Hospital for the Insane.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

"Penny a Hundred."

So large is the orange crop in the East London district of Cape Colony that the fruit has been selling in the market at 100 for a penny.

Cow, Ltd.

A cow formerly belonging to Mr. James Tibbets, of Pembroke, U.S.A., and now the property of a syndicate, has earned for its owners £5,000 within a year in exhibition fees. The animal is deformed, and has extraordinary hoofs and horns.

Doctor's Winged Messengers.

Carrier pigeons are put to novel use in a thinly settled district in the North of Scotland. On long rounds a doctor takes several pigeons with him, and when a prescription is to be filled at once he sends a message to his surgery, where an attendant prepares and forwards the medicine. If a patient is liable to need an extra call a pigeon is left to send for the doctor.

Something New for Father Vaughan.

"Nerve scent" is the newest form of drugging for the smart woman. Her "vanity bag" is furnished with a dainty, innocent-looking, gold-stoppered scent bottle. It contains essence of Parma violets from Paris, which is heavily charged with ether. When she is tired a few whiffs of this scent stimulate her flagging energies and keep her bright and alert at a dinner or supper party.

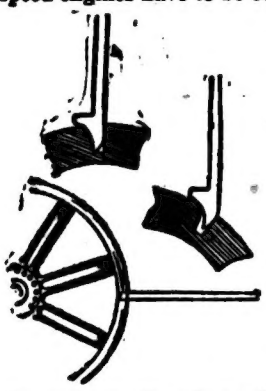
Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls, Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

TIME-SAVER FOR TURF CUTTERS.

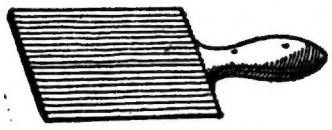
Our illustration, at first sight, would probably be mistaken for an ordinary spade, which had been used to press home an argument during some spirited political meeting. It is, as a matter of fact, what is known as a "slane," and is the implement with which turf or peat cutters accomplish their work. Possessing as it does a flange or turned-up edge, its wielder can remove a lump of turf with one thrust, instead of being compelled to take two as he would be with an ordinary spade. This tool is not only a time-saver, but also involves the additional advantage that all the sods cut by its aid are practically the same size and shape. They can thus be packed very easily into carts or barges.

SAFETY LEVER FOR ENGINEERS.



There are considerable risks to life and limb in most branches of engineering, but the men in charge of high speed engines have to be especially careful. In turning the engine into starting position, for instance, by means of a lever inserted into the fly wheel, there is always the chance that owing to the steam stop valve being leaky, the engine may suddenly start working, and bring down the lever upon the head of the engineer. To obviate this the starting levers are now often shaped as in the two smaller illustrations. It will be seen that should the wheel start suddenly revolving the lever slips out of its own accord, and the engineer, though possibly somewhat startled, is able to keep his skull intact.

BUTTER PATS.

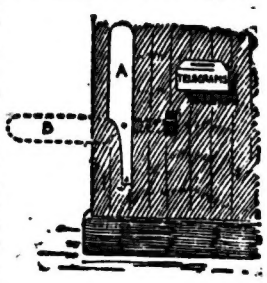


Most people probably imagine that the grooves on the miniature wooden clappers which the grocer uses, have been cut there for the express purpose of impressing the pattern that usually adorns butter when purchased. As a matter of fact, their presence is due to no such artistic impulse. The reason why these implements are roughed is to prevent the butter from slipping between them, and it is to this fact that we owe that pleasing ornamentation which is finally bestowed upon our modest pound of butter.

WHY HOLLOW TREES LIVE.

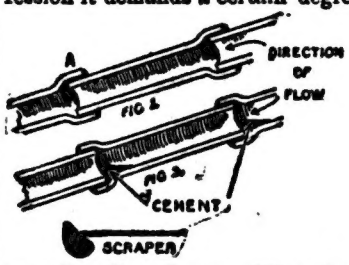
In forests and private parks one may often witness the remarkable sight of a very old tree, with a trunk consisting of nothing but a hollow shell, and yet bearing branches that are covered with foliage. It would seem to be impossible that the dry bark, in some cases only held together by an iron band, could go on producing leaves year after year in the manner in which it does. The explanation, however, is quite a simple one. In very young trees the sap-carrying portion is in the centre. It is a series of bundles of minute cellular tubes, scientifically known as "vascular bundles." As the tree gets older this series of bundles forms a ring which gets bigger and bigger as the circumference of the tree increases. In course of time the centre withers and decays, since it is no longer needed to supply the branches with nourishment.

"WIRES" FOR CRUISERS.



When a cruiser or gunboat is lying at anchorage off a town, it is customary to rig up a box on the quay for the reception of telegrams for those on board. Alongside this box is fixed a white lever in position A. When the telegraph boy comes down to the quay, he puts the missive into the box and pulls the lever down as shown in figure B. As soon as this is noticed by those on the ship, a boat is dispatched to the shore, the telegram taken out, and the lever returned to its former position.

CONCERNING DRAINPIPES.



Laying drainpipes may not be a very exciting or remunerative employment, but like every other profession it demands a certain degree of skill and knowledge. Fig. 1, in which the socket end of the pipe is fixed in the opposite direction to the flow illustrates the correct manner, while Fig. 2, in which the reverse is the case, shows how the job would probably be accomplished by an inexperienced workman. When the drainpipe is laid, any cement which may have squeezed into it while it was being joined should be removed by means of a scraper, a representation of which appears in our picture. This important detail is frequently neglected, and in such a case the drain soon becomes blocked through the cement hardening and forming an obstruction as in Fig. 2.

Personal Pars.

Sultan Sat On.

Sir Charles Euan Smith was once the British Minister in Morocco, where so much trouble is now taking place. On one occasion he found it necessary to make some strong remarks, which gave great offence to the Sultan. "I could kill you for less than that," exclaimed the dusky potentate, with a grim smile. "Of course you could," replied Sir Charles pleasantly, "but if you did there would never again be a Sultan of Morocco." The Sultan said no more.

Lordly Title.

The Earl of Durham, when speaking at a dinner at Sunderland, said: "I have become accustomed to my proud position (as a peer), and seldom feel impressed by being addressed by my right title. If I go to a railway station where my title is unknown and want to take a cab for the racecourse, and one man offers to take me for 10s., and another says, 'My lord, I'll take you for 7s. 6d.,' I always accept the title and the 7s. 6d."

Musical Sarcasm.

Richter, the famous conductor, can be stern at times, and he also knows the value of satire. During the rehearsal of a certain musical festival the distinguished conductor was disturbed by someone in the hall beating time on the floor. Richter endured it for some time, and then, turning round, requested the offender in his broken English to desist. "You see," he explained, with a smile, "when I am conducting I cannot always keep time with your foot."

Royal Picture Cards.

The King invariably purchases quantities of picture postcards, representing views of any place in which he is staying, and this year at Marienbad he remarked in a shop where he was buying a selection of them: "I had all these views last August. Haven't you got some new ones?" These cards His Majesty sends to the Queen, Princess Victoria, his grandchildren, and others.

Widower and Bachelor.

The member who carried the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill through the House of Commons was the Right Hon. Sir William Brampton Gurdon, who, a widower, sits for North Norfolk. His wife was a sister of the Earl of Portsmouth. The peer who worked most assiduously in carrying the same Bill through the Lords against the strong opposition of the bishops was Lord James of Hereford. His lordship, a famous lawyer, is seventy-nine years old, and has never been married.

Veterans All.

The oldest peer is Lord Gwydyr, now ninety-seven years old; the oldest physician is Sir Henry Alfred Pitman, who is ninety-nine years old and has been a doctor since 1841; the oldest member of the London Corporation is Sir Andrew Lusk, who, now ninety-seven, was Lord Mayor of London in 1873-4; the oldest clergyman is the Rev. Prebendary Hutchinson, Vicar of Blurton, in the Potteries, who is ninety-seven; while the oldest barrister is Mr. Arthur Burrows, ninety-five, who still works in the Chancery Division.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Same Old Lot.

Dr. Diggle, the Bishop of Carlisle, said, when speaking recently, that slackness in preaching was no doubt caused in many cases by the clergyman constantly seeing the same faces before him. He (the Bishop) once asked the verger who were in the church that day, and the answer was: "Th' same old lot, sir!"

Youthful Granny.

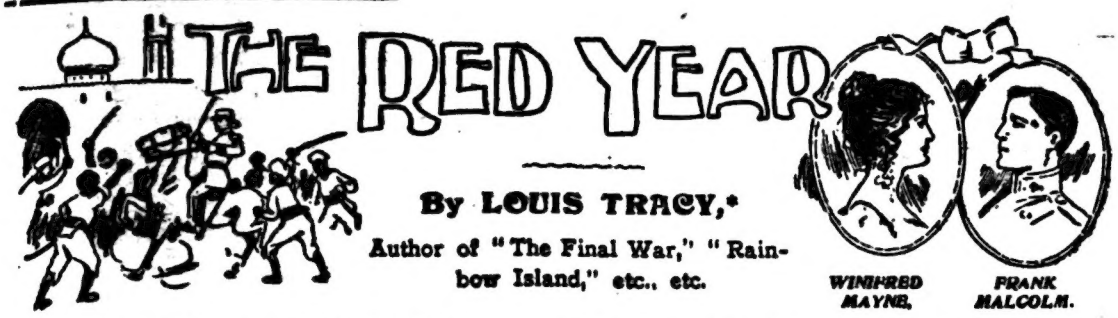
Mr. Alfred C. Calmour, dramatist and actor, once received from Miss Ellen Terry the following letter, which, he says, breathes the very essence of maternal affection: "I am down at Winchelsea all alone with my grandchildren," wrote the famous actress. "The little tots make me long to be a young mother again, with all its trials and tribulations, and all the great blessings which go along with it."

Kingly Support.

A delightful story of the King's chivalry comes from Marienbad. His Majesty was having tea at a little restaurant in the pine woods with a few friends, and at a table near a German Prince was the host of a party. An English waitress served both parties, and His Majesty could not fail to notice the rude, bullying manner of the Royal German. Before leaving, the King turned to Sir Stanley Clarke and said: "You are to convey my thanks to the proprietor for the admirable manner in which my party has been served at this restaurant." In addition, Sir Stanley, by the King's order, presented the waitress with a gold piece.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

A Story of the Indian Mutiny.



By LOUIS TRACY,*

Author of "The Final War," "Rainbow Island," etc., etc.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN.

Why Malcolm did not Write.

It was the saddest hour in Havelock's life when he decided that his Invincibles must retreat. Yet, after another week's fighting, that course was forced on him.

On July 25th he plunged fearlessly into Oudh, leaving a wide and rapid river in his rear, with other rivers, canals, and fortified towns and villages in front, on three sides swarms of determined enemies gathered under the standards of Nana Sahib and the Oudh Taluqdars, and everywhere a hostile if not actually mutinous peasantry.

With his usual daring, trusting to the unsurpassed *élan* of his troops, he fought battles at Onao and Busseerutgunge. Then, when the thunder of the fighting was faintly heard by listeners in the Residency, Havelock took thought, and regretted that he had ventured to leave Cawnpore.

His force numbered about half the men who marched out of Allahabad on the 7th. Cholera had broken out, stores were scanty, there was not a single litter for another wounded man, and, worst of all, ammunition was failing. To advance further meant the total destruction of his little army, the sure and instant fall of the Residency, and the disappearance of the British flag from an enormous territory.

Yet he hesitated before he gave the final order. He fell back a couple of marches, and wrote to Neill on the 31st, that he could "do nothing for the relief of Lucknow" until he received a reinforcement of a thousand men and a new battery.

Neill, who was holding Cawnpore with three hundred rifles, returned the most amazing reply that ever a subordinate officer addressed to his chief.

"The natives don't believe you have won any real victories," he wrote, in effect. "Your retreat has destroyed the prestige of England. While you are waiting for reinforcements that cannot arrive, Lucknow will be lost. You must advance again, and not halt until you have rescued the garrison. Then return here sharp, as there is much to be done between this and Agra, and Delhi."

Neill's zeal outran his discretion. Havelock told him in plain language his opinion of this curious epistle.

"Your letter is the most extraordinary I have ever perused," he said. . . . "Consideration of the obstruction which would arise in this public service alone prevents me from placing you under immediate arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation."

Yet Neill's advice rankled, and there were men on Havelock's staff who agreed with the outspoken Irishman. Neill, however, coolly bottled his wrath, and sent on a company of the 84th and three guns.

They brought dispatches from Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief at Calcutta, telling Havelock that the troops sent from the capital had been turned aside to deal with mutineers in Behar.

The gallant Crimean veteran, therefore, hardened his heart, set out once more for Lucknow, and fought another most successful battle at Busseerutgunge. There could be no questioning either the victory or its cost. Another such success, and his column would not number a half-battalion.

That night he watched the weary soldiers digging graves for their fallen comrades, and, while his brain was torn with conflicting problems, a spy brought news that the powerful Gwalior Contingent was marching to seize Cawnpore. He hesitated no longer. As a general, he had no right to be swayed by emotion. He must protect Cawnpore as a base, and trust to the fortune of war that Lucknow might keep the flag flying.

Malcolm was with him when he formed this resolution. Outwardly cold, Sir Henry seemed to his youthful observer, who now knew him better, to resemble a volcano coated with ice.

"Major," he said, "the column will retreat at daybreak. But I will get my other aides to make arrangements. Are you quite recovered from your wound? Are you capable of undergoing the somewhat severe exertion, I mean?"

Frank answered modestly that he thought he had never been better in health or strength, though he wondered inwardly what sort of exertion could be more "severe" than his experiences of the preceding three weeks.

But Havelock knew what he was talking about, as shall be seen.

"I want you to make the best of your way to Delhi," he said in his unbending way. "I leave details to you, except that I would like you to start to-night if possible. Of course, any kind of escort that is available would be fatal to your success; but, if I remember his record rightly, that servant of yours may be useful. I do not propose to give you any dispatches. If you get through tell the Commander-in-Chief in the Punjab exactly how we are situated here. Tell him Lucknow will not be relieved for nearly two months, but that I will hold Cawnpore till the last man falls. I hope and trust you may be spared to make the journey in safety. If you are, you will receive a gratuity and a step in rank. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand, and his calm eyes kindled for a moment. Then Frank found himself walking to his tent and reviewing all that this meant to Winifred and himself. He was none the less a brave man if his lips trembled somewhat, and there came a tightening of the throat that suspiciously resembled a sob.

Two months! Could a delicate girl live so long in another such Inferno at Lucknow as he had seen in Wheeler's abandoned entrenchment at Cawnpore?

"God help us both!" he murmured bitterly, passing a hand involuntarily over his misty eyes. With the action he brushed away doubt and fears. He was a soldier again, one to whom hearing and obedience were identical.

"Chumru," he said, when he found his domestic scratching mud off a coat with his nails for lack of a clothes brush, "we set out for Delhi to-night, you and I."

"All right, sahib," was the unexpected parry to this astounding thrust, and Chumru kept on with his task.

"It is a true thing," said Malcolm, who knew full well that the Mahommedan understood the extraordinary difficulty of such a mission. "It is the general-sahib's order, and he wishes you to go with me. Will you come?"

"Huzoor, have you ever gone anywhere without me since you came to my hut that night when I was stricken with smallpox——"

"Only once, you rascal, and then you came after me to my great good fortune. Very well, then; that is settled. Stop raising dust, and listen. We ride to-night. Let us discuss the manner of our travelling, for 'tis a long road, and full of mischief."

Chumru laid aside the garment, and tickled his wiry hair underneath his turban.

"By the Kaaba," he growled, "such roads lead to Jahannum more easily than to Delhi. Do you go to the Princess Roshinara, sahib?"

Malcolm's overwrought feelings found vent in a hearty laugh.

"What fiend tempted thee to think of her, owl?" he cried.

"Nay, sahib, no fiend other than a woman. What else would bring your honour to Delhi? Is there not occupation here in plenty?"

"I tell thee, image, that the general-sahib hath ordered it. And I am making for the British camp on the Ridge, not for the city."

Chumru dismissed the point. He was a fatalist, and he probably reserved his opinion. Malcolm had beguiled the long night after they left Rai Bareilly with the story of his strange meetings with the King's daughter. To the Eastern mind there was Kismet in such happenings.

"I would you had not lost Bahadar Shah's pass, huzoor," he said. "That would be worth a bagful of gold mohurs on the north road now. But, as matters stand, we must fall back on walnut juice. You have blue eyes and fair hair, alack, yet must we——"

"What! Wouldst thou make me a brother of thine?" demanded Malcolm, understanding that the walnut juice was intended to darken his skin.

"There is no other way, huzoor. This is no ride of a night. We shall be seven days, let us go at the best, and meeting budmashes at every mile. If you did not talk Urdu like one of us, sahib, I should bid you die here in peace rather than fall in the first village. Still, we may have luck, and you can bandage your hair and forehead, and swear that those cursed Feringhis nearly cut your scalp off. But you must be rubbed all over, sahib, until you are the colour of brown leather, for we can have no patches of white skin showing where, perchance, your garments are rent."

Malcolm saw the wisdom of the suggestion, and fell in with it. While Chumru went to compound walnut juice in the nearest bazaar, he, in pursuance of the plan they had concocted together, got a native writer to compile a letter which purported to emanate from Nana Sahib, and was addressed to Bahadar Shah. It was a very convincing document. Malcolm contributed a garbled history of recent events, and one of the Brahmin's seals, which came into Havelock's possession when Cawnpore was occupied, lent verisimilitude to the script.

Then the Englishman covered himself with an oily compound that Chumru assured him would darken his skin effectually before morning, though the present effect was more obvious to the nose than to the eye. Chumru donned his rissaldar Brahmin's uniform, and Malcolm secured a similar outfit from a native officer on the staff. Well armed and well mounted, the pair crossed the Ganges north of Bithoor, gained the Grand Trunk Road, and were far from the British column when they drew rein for their first halt of more than an hour's duration.

They had adventures galore on the road to Delhi, but Chumru's repertory of oaths anent the Nazarenes, and Malcolm's dignified hauteur as a messenger of the man who ranked higher in the native world than the octogenarian king, carried them through without grave risk. True, they had a close shave or two.

Once, a suspicious sepoy who knew every native officer in the 7th Cavalry, to which corps "Rissaldar Ali Khan" was supposed to belong, had to be quietly choked to death within earshot of a score of his own comrades who were marching to the Mogul capital. On another occasion, a moulvie, or Mahommedan priest, was nearly the cause of their undoing. Malcolm was not sufficiently expert in the ritual of the Rêka, and this shortcoming aroused the devotee's ire, but he was calmed by Chumru's assurance that his excellent friend, Laiq Ahmed, was still suffering from the wounds inflicted by the condemned Giaours, and the storm blew over.

These incidents simply served to enliven a tedious journey. Its main features were climatic discomfort and positive starvation. Rain storms, hot winds, sweltering intervals of intolerable heat—these were vagaries of nature and might be endured. But the absence of food was a more serious matter. The passage to and fro of rebel detachments had converted the Grand Trunk Road into a wilderness. The sepoys paid for nothing, and looted Mahommedans and Hindus alike. After two months of constant pilfering, the unhappy ryots had little left. For the most part they deserted their hovels, gathered such few valuables as had escaped the human locusts who devoured their substance, and either retreated to remote villages or boldly sought a living in some other province.

Indeed, it may be said in all candour that the Mutiny caused far more misery to the great mass of the people than to the foreign rulers against whom it was supposed to be directed. The sufferings of the English residents in India were terrible, and the treatment meted out to them was unspeakably vile, but for one English life sacrificed during the country's red year there were five hundred natives killed by the very men who professed to defend their interests.

Malcolm and Chumru were given proof in plenty of this fact as they rode along. Generations of local feuds had taught the villagers to construct their rude shanties in such wise that any place of fairly large population formed a strong fort. Where the ryots were collected in sufficient numbers to render such a proceeding possible, they armed themselves not only against the British but against all the world.

Many times the travellers were fired at by men who took them for sepoys, and they often found active hostilities in progress between a party of desperate rebels who wanted food and a horde of sturdy villagers who refused to treat with men in any sort of uniform.

Still, they managed to live. In the fields they found ripening grain and an abundance of that small millet or pulse-pea, known as gram, which is the staple food of horses in India. Occasionally, Malcolm shot a peacock, but shooting birds with a revolver is a difficult sport and wasteful of ammunition. Where hares were plentiful, Chumru seldom failed to snare one during the night. These were feast days. At other times they chewed millet, and were thankful for small mercies.

The journey occupied nearly twice the time of their original estimate. Nejdi, good horse as he was, wanted a rest; Chumru's steed was liable to break down any hour; and it was a sheer impossibility to obtain a remount in that wasted tract.

All things considered, it was a wonderful achievement when, on the evening of the eleventh day, they began their last march.

They planned matters so that the Jumna lay between them and their goal. When they left the tope of trees in which they had slept away the hot hours, their ostensible aim was the bridge of boats which carried the Meerut road across the river into the imperial city.

That was their story if they fell in with company. In reality they meant to leave the dangerous locality with the best speed their horses were capable of. There could be no doubt that Delhi was the stronghold of the mutineers. Even discounting by ninety per cent. the grandiloquent stories they heard, it was evident that the British still held the Ridge, but were rather besieged than besiegers.

For the rest, the natives were assured that the foreign rule had passed for ever. Their version of the position was that "great fighting took place daily, and the Nazarenes were being slaughtered in hundreds."

The one statement nullified the other. Malcolm reasoned, correctly as it happened, that the British force was able to hold its own, but not strong enough to take the city, that the Punjab was quiet, and that the general in command on the Ridge was biding his time until reinforcements arrived. Therefore, if Chumru and he could strike the left bank of the Jumna a few miles above Delhi there should be no difficulty in crossing the stream and reaching the British camp.

For once, a well-laid scheme did not reveal unforeseen pitfalls. He had the good fortune to fall in with a corps of irregular horse scouting for a half-expected flank attack by the rebels in the grey dawn of the morning of August 11th. Chumru and he were nearly shot by mistake, but that is ever the risk of those who wear an enemy's uniform, and, by this time, John Company's livery was quite discredited in the land which he, in his corporate capacity, had opened up to Europeans.

Moreover, between dirt and walnut-stain, Malcolm was like an animated bronze statue, and it was good to see the incredulous expression on a brother officer's face when he rode up with the cheery cry:—

"By Jove, old fellow, I am glad to see you. I am Malcolm, of the 3rd Cavalry, and I have brought news from General Havelock."

The leader of the scouting party, a stalwart subaltern of dragoons, thought that it was a piece of impudence on the part of this "dark" stranger to address him so familiarly.

"I happen to be acquainted with Mr. Malcolm——" he began.

"Not so well as I know him, Saumares," said Frank, laughing. He had not counted on his disguise being so complete. But the laugh proved his identity, for there is more distinctive character in a man's mirth than in any other inflection of the voice.

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Limerick Hints for Business Men.—Think of it over your breakfast, Polish it off in the train——(See next page)

Saumarez testified to an amazed recognition in the approved manner of a dragoon.

"Either you are Malcolm or I am bewitched," he cried. Then he looked at Chumru.

"This gentleman, no doubt, is at least a brigadier," he went on. "But, joking apart, have you really ridden from Allahabad?"

The question showed the lack of information of events farther south that obtained in the Punjab. By this time the sepoys had torn down the telegraph posts and cut the wires in all directions. Even between Cawnpore and Calcutta, whenever they crossed the Grand Trunk Road, they destroyed the telegraph. As one of them said, looking up at a damaged pole which was about to serve as his gallows:—

"Ah, you are able to hang me now because that cursed wire strangled all of us in our sleep."

His metaphor was correct enough. There is no telling what might have been the course of history in India if the sepoys had stopped telegraphic communication from the North to Calcutta early in May.

Malcolm gave Saumarez a summary of affairs in the North-West Provinces as they rode on ahead of the troop.

"And now," he said, "how do matters stand here?"

"You have used the right word," said the other. "Stand! That is just what we are doing. We've had three Commanders-in-Chief, and each one is more timid than his predecessor. Thank goodness, Nicholson arrived four days ago. Things will begin to move now."

"Is that the Peshawar Nicholson?" asked Frank, remembering that Hodson had spoken of a man of that name, a man who would "horse-whip into the saddle" a general who feared to assume responsibility.

"Yes. Haven't you seen him? By gad, he's a wonder. A giant of a fellow, with an eye like a hawk, and a big black beard that seems, somehow, to suggest a blacksmith. He turned up at our mess on the first evening he was in camp. Everybody was laughing and joking as usual, and he never said a word. I didn't understand it at the time, but I noticed that Nicholson just glowered at each man who told a funny story, and, by degrees, we were all sitting like mutes at a funeral. Then he said, in a deep voice that made us jump:—'When some of you gentlemen can spare me a moment I shall be glad to hear what you have been doing here during the last ten weeks."

"There was no sneer in his words. We have had fighting enough, Heaven knows, but we felt that by "doing" he meant "attacking," not "defending." Sure as death, he will create a stir. Indeed, the leaven is working already. He sent me out here this morning, as he has gone to meet the Movable Column from Lahore, and there was a rumour of a sortie from Delhi to cut it off."

Malcolm, fresh from association with Havelock, realised that a grave and serious-minded soldier could ill brook the jests and idle talk that dominated the average military mess of the period.

"Nicholson sounds like the right man in the right place," he commented.

The dragoon vouched for it emphatically.

"He has put an end to pony-racing and quoits," said he, "and there is to be no more fighting in our shirt-sleeves. Bear in mind, we have had a deuce of a time. I've been in twenty-one fights myself, and that is not all. The sepoys usually swarm out hell-for-leather, and we rush to meet them. There is a scrimmage for an hour or so, we shove 'em back, Hodson gets in a bit of sabre-work, we pick up the wounded, tell off a burial party, and start a cricket match or a gymkhana. Of course, the fighting is stiff while it lasts, and my regiment has lost its two best bowlers, a really sound bat, and a crack rider in the pony heats. Still, if we don't lose any ground, we gain none, and I can't help agreeing with Nicholson that war isn't a picnic."

Frank managed not to smile at the naïveté of his companion. Though Saumarez was nearly his own age, he felt that their difference in rank was not nearly so great as the divergence in their conceptions of the magnitude of the task before Britain in India. Nevertheless, Saumarez saw that Nicholson was a force, and that was something.

"Is the Hodson you mention the same man who rode from Kurnaul to Meerut before the affair of Ghazi-ud-din-Nuggur?" he asked.

"Yes, same chap. A regular fire-brand, and no mistake. He has gathered a crowd of dare-devils known as Hodson's Horse, and they go into action with a dash that I thought was only to be found in regular cavalry. But here we are at our ghât. That is a weedy-looking Arab you are riding—plenty of bone, though. Will he go aboard a budgerow without any fuss?"

"Oh, yes. He will do most things," was the quiet reply.

Malcolm dismounted and fondled Nejdi's black muzzle. How little the light-hearted dragoon guessed what those two had endured together! Nejdi as a weed was a new rôle. For an instant, Frank thought of making a match with his friend's best charger after Nejdi had had a week's rest.

It was altogether a changed audience that Havelock's messenger secured that evening when Nicholson rode to the ridge with the troops sent from the north by Sir John Lawrence, Edwardes, and Montgomery, while the generosity of Bartle Frere in sending from Scinde regiments he could ill spare should be mentioned in the same breath.

Saumarez's "giant of a fellow" was there, and Archdale Wilson, the commander-in-chief, and Neville Chamberlain, and Baird-Smith, and Hervey Greathed. Inspired by the presence of such men, Malcolm entered upon a full account of occurrences at Lucknow, Cawnpore, and elsewhere during the preceding month. His hearers were aware of Henry Lawrence's death and the beginning of the siege of Lucknow. They had heard of massacre Ghât, the Well, and Havelock's advance, but they were dependent on native rumour and an occasional spy for their information, and Frank's epic narrative was the first complete and true history that had been given them.

He was seldom interrupted. Occasionally, when he was tempted to slur over some of the dangers he had overcome personally, a question from one or other of the five would force him to be more explicit.

Naturally, he spoke freely of the magnificent exploits of Havelock's column, and he saw Nicholson ticking off each engagement, each tremendous march, each fine display of strategic genius on the part of the general, with an approving nod and shake of his great beard.

"You have done well, young man," said General Wilson when Frank's long recital came to an end. "What rank did you hold on General Havelock's staff?"

"That of major, sir."

"You are confirmed in the same rank here. I have no doubt your services will be further recognised at the close of the campaign."

"If Havelock had the second thousand men he asked for he would now be marching here," growled Nicholson.

No one spoke for a little while. The under meaning of the giant's words was plain. Havelock had moved while they stood still. The criticism was a trifle unjust, perhaps, but men with Napoleonic ideas are impatient of the limitations that afflict their less powerful brethren. If India were governed exclusively by Nicholsons, Lawrences, Havelocks, Hodsons, and Neills, there would never have been a mutiny. It was Britain's rare good fortune that they existed at all, and came to the front when the fiery breath of war had scorched and shrivelled the nonentities who held power and place at the outbreak of hostilities.

Then someone passed a remark on Frank's appearance. He was bare-headed. The fair hair and blue eyes that had perplexed Chumru looked strangely out of keeping with his brown skin.

"How in the world did you manage to escape detection during your ride north?" he was asked.

He explained Chumru's device, and they laughed. Like Havelock, Baird-Smith thought the Mahommedan would make a good soldier.

"With all his pluck, sir, he is absolutely afraid of using a pistol," said Frank. "He was offered the highest rank as a native officer, but he refused it."

"Then, by gad, we must make him a zamindar. Tell him I said so, and that we all agree on that point."

When Frank gave the message to Chumru it was received with a demoniac grin.

"By the Holy Kaaba," came the gleeful cry, "I told the Moulvie of Fyzabad that I was in the way of earning a jaghir, and, behold, it is promised to me!"

Next day Malcolm, somewhat lighter in tint after a hot bath, made himself acquainted with the camp. Seldom has war brought together such a motley assemblage of races as gathered on the Ridge during the siege of Delhi. The far-off isles of the sea were represented by men from every shire, and Britain's mixed heritage in the East sent a bewildering variety of types.

Small, compactly-built Ghoorkas hobnobbed with stalwart Highlanders; lively Irishmen made friends of gaunt, saturnine Pathans; bearded Sikhs extended grave courtesies to pert-nosed Cockneys; "gallant little Wales" might be seen tending the needs of wounded Mahommedans from the Punjab. The language bar proved no obstacle to the men of the rank and file.

A British private would sit and smoke in solemn and friendly silence with a hook-nosed Afghan, and the two would rise cheerfully after an hour passed in that fashion with nothing in common between them save the memory of some deadly thrust averted when they fought one day in the hollow below Hindu Rao's house, or a draught of water tendered them when one or other lay gasping and almost done to death in a struggle for the village of Subsee Mundee.

The British soldier, who has fought and bled in so many lands, showed his remarkable adaptability to circumstances by the way in which he made himself at home on the reverse slope of the Ridge. A compact town had sprung up there, with its orderly lines of huts and tents, its long rows of picketted horses, commissariat bullocks and elephants, its churches, hospitals, playgrounds, racecourse, and cemetery.

Malcolm took in the general scheme of things while he walked along the Ridge towards the most advanced picket at Hindu Rao's House. On the left front lay Delhi, beautiful as a dream in the brilliant sunshine. The intervening valley was scarred and riven with water-courses, strewn with rocks, covered with ruined mosques, temples, tombs, and houses, and smothered in an overgrowth of trees, shrubs, and long grasses.

Roads were few, but tortuous paths ran everywhere, and it was easy to see how the rebels could steal out unobserved during the night and creep close up to the pickets before they revealed their whereabouts by a burst of musketry. Happily, they never learnt to reserve their fire. Every man would blaze away at the first alarm, and then, of course, in those days of muzzle-loaders, the more resolute British troops could get to close quarters without serious loss. Still, the men who held the Ridge had many casualties, and, until Nicholson came, the rebel artillery was infinitely more powerful than the British. Behind his Movable Column, however, marched a strong siege train. When that arrived, the gunners could make their presence felt. Thus far, not one of the enemy's guns had been dismounted.

Frank had ocular proof of their strength in this arm before he reached Hindu Rao's house. The Guides, picturesque in their loose, grey-coloured shirts and big turbans, sent one of their cavalry squadrons over the Ridge on some errand. They moved at a sharp canter, but the Delhi gunners had got the range and were ready, and half-a-dozen eighteen-pound balls crashed into the trees and rocks almost in the exact line of advance. A couple of guns on the British right took up the challenge, and the duel went on long after the Guides were swallowed up in the green depths of the valley.

At last, Malcolm stood in the shelter-trench of the picket and gazed at the city which was the hub of the Mutiny. Beyond the high, red-brick walls he saw the graceful dome and minarets of the Jumna Musjid, while to the left towered the frowning battlements of the King's palace. To the left, again, and nearer, was the small dome of St. James's Church, with its lead roof riddled then, as it remains to this day, with the bullets fired by the rebels in the effort to dislodge the ball and cross which surmounted it. For the rest, his eyes wandered over a noble array of mosques and temples, flat-roofed houses of nobles of the court and residences of the wealthy merchants who dwelt in the imperial city.

The far-flung panorama behind the walls had a curiously peaceful aspect. Even the puffs of white smoke from the guns, curling upwards like tiny clouds in the lazy air, had no tremors until a heavy shot hurtled overhead or struck a resounding blow at the already ruined walls of the big house near the post.

The 61st were on picket that day, and one of the men, speaking with a strong Gloucestershire accent, said to Malcolm:—

"Well, sur, they zay we'll be a-lootin' there zoon."

"I hope so," was the reply, but the phrase set him a-thinking.

Within that shining palace most probably was a woman to whom he owed his life. In another palace, many a hundred miles away, was another woman for whom he would willingly risk that life if only he could save her from the fate that the private of the 61st was gloating over in anticipation.

What a mad jumble of opposites was this useless and horrible war! At any rate, why could not women be kept out of it, and let men adjust their quarrel with the stern arbitration of sword and gun!

Then he recalled Chumru's words anent the Princess Roshinara, and the fancy seized him that if he were destined to enter Delhi with the besiegers he would surely strive to repay the service she had rendered Winifred and Mayne and himself at Bithoor.

That is the way man proposes, and that is why the gods smile when they dispose of man's affairs.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN.
At the King's Court.

WITHOUT guns to breach the walls, even the heroic Nicholson was powerless against a strongly fortified city.

The siege train was toiling slowly across the Punjab, but the setting in of the monsoon rendered the transit of heavy cannon a laborious task.

On the 24th of August an officer rode in from the town of Baghput, twenty-five miles to the north, to report that the train was parked there for the night.

"What sort of escort accompanies it?" asked Nicholson, when the news reached him.

"Almost exclusively natives, and few in numbers at that," he was told.

An hour later a native spy from Delhi came to the camp.

"The mutineers are mustering for a big march," he said. "They are providing guns, litters, and commissariat camels, and the story goes that they mean to fight the Feringhis at Bahadurgarh."

The place named was a large village, ten miles north-west of the Ridge, and Nicholson guessed instantly that the sepoys had planned the daring coup of cutting off the siege train. With him, to hear was to act. He formed a column of two thousand men and a battery of field artillery, and left the camp at dawn on the 25th. If a forced march could accomplish it, he meant not only to frustrate the enemy's design, but inflict a serious defeat.

Malcolm went with him, and never had he taken part in a harder day's work. The road was a bullock track, a swamp of mud amid the larger swamp of the ploughed land and jungle. Horses and men floundered through it as best they might. The guns often sank almost to the trunnions; many a time the infantry had to help elephants and bullocks to haul them out.

In seven hours the column only marched nine miles, and then came the disheartening news that the spy's information was wrong. The rebels had, indeed, sent out a strong force, but they were at Nujufgarh, miles away.

Officers and men ate a slight meal, growled a bit, and swung on in the new direction. At four o'clock in the afternoon they found the sepoy army drawn up behind a canal, with its right protected by another canal, and the centre and left posted in fortified villages. Evidently, too, a stout serai, or inn, a square building surrounding a quadrangle set apart for the lodgment of camels and merchandise, was regarded as a stronghold. Here were placed six guns, and the walls were loopholed for musketry.

In a word, had the mutineers been equal in courage and *morale* to the British troops, the resultant attack must have ended in disastrous failure.

But Nicholson was a leader who took the measure of his adversaries. Above all, he did not shirk a battle because it was risky.

The 61st made a flank march, forded the branch canal under fire, and were ordered to lie down. Nicholson rode up to them, a commanding figure on a seventeen-hands English hunter.

"Now, 61st," he said, "I want you to take that serai and the guns. You all know what Sir Colin Campbell told you at Chillianwallah, and you have heard that he said the same thing at the battle of the Alma. 'Hold your fire until you see the whites of their eyes,' he said, 'and then, my boys, we will make short work of it.' Come on! Let us follow his advice here!"

Swinging his horse around, he rode straight at serai and battery. Grape-shot and bullets sang the death-song of many a brave fellow, but Nicholson was untouched. The 61st leaped to their feet with a yell, rushed after him, and did not fire a shot until they were within twenty yards of the enemy. A volley and the bayonet did the rest. They captured the guns, carried the serai, and pelted the flying rebels with their own artillery. The 1st Punjabis had a stiff fight before they killed every man in the village of Nujufgarh on the left, but the battle was won, practically in defiance of every tenet of military tactics, when the 61st forced their way into the serai.

(Another instalment next week.)

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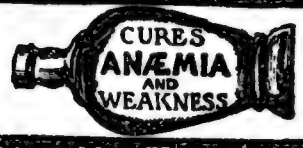

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FIRST TIME TALES.

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The Story of Sir John Franklin's Disastrous Expedition to Find a North-West Passage Between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

GREENHITHE was all agog on the morning of May 19th, 1845. Flags fluttered from mast and spire and housetop. Curious crowds filled the streets, and even overflowed on to the broad bosom of Father Thames, which was covered with boats gay with bunting.

For on this day the long-projected British National Expedition was to set sail for the Arctic, intent upon solving, once and for all, the problem of the existence (or non-existence) of a North-West Passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Two stout vessels had been loaned for the purpose by my lords of the Admiralty. These were the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, and they were manned by a picked crew of officers and men, 138 in all, the whole under the supreme command of Sir John Franklin.

DOOMED TO A LINGERING DEATH.

How the sailors cheered as they dropped slowly down the river, the big, bluff-bowed ships threading their way between the smaller craft like whales amongst a shoal of porpoises. "No doubt of success," they said to each other. They would be away a couple of years at the outside, they shouted over the bulwarks, as they waved a merry farewell to sweethearts and wives.

As a matter of fact, no single one amongst all that gallant company was ever to see England again. They were doomed, officers and men alike, to a lingering death from cold and starvation amidst the icy solitudes into which they were about to penetrate.

But this, of course, they did not know.

Slowly the heavily laden ships beat their way north to the Orkney Islands, a voyage of eleven days' duration. At Stromness they remained two days, and then bore away westward across the Atlantic. On June 24th they rounded Cape Farewell, Greenland's most southerly point, and twenty-four hours later they were amongst the ice.

It was drift ice, however, not pack, and offered, therefore, no very serious hindrance to navigation. Still, some of the bergs were very large, "towering high above the topmasts," and the greatest care and watchfulness had to be exercised in threading a way through them. Consequently, it was not until July 4th that the expedition came to anchor off Disko Island, where, as had been previously arranged, the *Erebus* and *Terror* took aboard from a transport, that had accompanied them from England, large stores of provisions, including live cattle.

This addition to their already heavy loads caused both ships to lie very low in the water, for they were, comparatively speaking, small vessels, the *Erebus* 370 tons, the *Terror* 340. They were, however, exceedingly strong, and able to stand much rough usage from the ice, a fact which had been abundantly proved by Sir James Ross, who, only a few years previously, had successfully navigated them through the Antarctic pack to the shores of the South Polar continent, and home again.

So Sir John and his brave companions set sail from Disko in the highest spirits. This was on July 10th. Sixteen days later, on July 26th, that is to say, they were spoken in Melville Bay by Captain Dannet, of the *Prince of Wales*, a Hull whaler. And from that date all trace of them was lost. Never again was either vessel seen by Europeans, nor was any message received from any member of the expedition by the outer world.

Not until after the lapse of thirty-five years, indeed, was their fate made known in anything approaching its appalling entirety, and then only by the combined efforts of twenty-seven search expeditions, public and private, conducted at an aggregate cost of something like three-quarters of a million sterling, and involving altogether a sacrifice of human life only slightly less appalling than that due to the original catastrophe.

STOPPED BY AN ICE BARRIER.

Piecing together the discoveries of the commanders of the more or less successful expeditions, we find that the ships sailed by way of Baffin's Bay into Lancaster Sound, and threaded it to Barrow Strait. This latter passage, we may assume, was found blocked somewhere about the centre by an impenetrable ice barrier extending all the way across from the south-eastern extremity of Cornwallis Island to the opposite coast of North Somerset.

This ice dam compelled Sir John to turn north up a narrow opening, since christened Wellington Channel. It was at that time unexplored, and might have ended, for all the explorers knew to the contrary, in a *cul de sac*. As a matter of fact, however, it led them by a devious route back into the very Barrow Strait they had quitted, but at a point some one hundred miles further west. The pack at this point was as thick as ever to the westward, but they were probably not greatly disappointed. They had explored many hundreds of miles of hitherto unvisited coast line, and had found a new way to the western extremity of Barrow Strait. Not more than 250 miles of unknown sea separated them from the accomplishment of the great object of their mission, the discovery of the North-West Passage. This, they argued, could be presently covered without much difficulty.

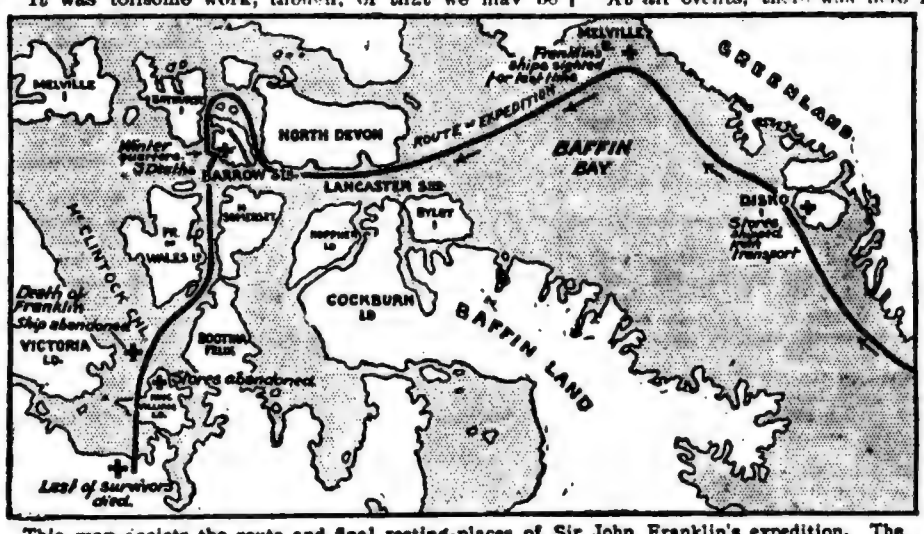
But, meanwhile, the season was far advanced. Young ice formed nightly round the ships, and the pack got more and more consolidated. It became evident that the expedition must seek winter quarters.

These were found on the north-east side of Beechy Island, a rugged mass of bare granite situated off the extreme south-westerly point of North Devon. The winter passed slowly, no doubt, as Arctic winters invariably do, and three of the men died, and were buried on the island, their graves being discovered five years later by Captain Ommaney, of the relief ship *Assistance*.

ONLY ONE MILE A DAY.

By the end of July or the beginning of August, however, the ice had loosened sufficiently to enable the ships to continue their voyage. Pushing slowly hither and thither through the pack, Sir John at length lit upon the channel now known as Peel Strait, and this, in its turn, led him into another, since christened Franklin Strait.

It was toilsome work, though, of that we may be sure. Often the ships did not advance a mile a day. But they had no choice save to push straight ahead, since to right and to left of them showed respectively the low rugged shores of Prince of Wales Land and North Somerset.



This map depicts the route and final resting-places of Sir John Franklin's expedition. The scenes of the chief incidents in this sad story are denoted by crosses.

Franklin's one fear was that the route they were following might prove to be a *cul de sac*. But no! After weeks of weary voyaging, the strait opened out, and the vessels emerged into the comparatively wide sea now known as McClintock Channel. This, however, was blocked, like Barrow Strait, with a solid mass of old ice, formed by the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific tides. There was nothing for it obviously but to bore still further south, in the hopes of eventually being able to turn westward.

Vain hope! The best they could do was to reach the entrance to Victoria Strait, off the north-east coast of King William Land, and there the doomed vessels were caught in the pack and frozen solid, to be released never again.

THE BRAVE LEADER PASSES AWAY.

This second winter in the ice was far more terrible than the first. Scurvy broke out, and many men died, as well as no fewer than nine of the officers, a surprisingly large proportion. Worse than all was the fact, patent to everyone on board, that their brave leader, worn out with care and hardships and the burden of years—he was sixty-one—was slowly passing away.

He lingered until June 11th, 1847, when the command developed upon Captain Crozier, the next senior officer. He, however, could succeed no better than Franklin in extricating the ships from their icy prison; so, on April 22nd, 1848, after yet a third winter had been spent in the pack, the order was given to abandon them, and the survivors of the ill-fated expedition, 105 in all, set out on foot over the sea ice with the intention of trying to reach the Hudson Bay settlements by way of Great Fish River.

It was a desperate expedient, and foredoomed to failure. The country around the mouth of the river in question, and for many hundreds of miles to the south, is the most barren and inhospitable of any portion of the mainland of the American continent. Game there is none; while the shallow, ice-encumbered seas in the vicinity are so destitute of seals and fishes that even the Eskimo shun them.

Slowly they toiled onward, many dropping and dying in their tracks, face downwards in the snow. At one place, if the Eskimo accounts are to be believed, no fewer than forty bodies were found all together.

A CLEARLY DEFINED TRACK OF SKELETONS.

Before very long they abandoned their boats, their sledges, their provisions even, so weak were they. Sir Leopold McClintock, who, eleven years later, led one of the most successful of the numerous search expeditions, found forty pounds of chocolate, besides tea and sugar, lying where it had been thrown away on the barren shores of King William Island. Near by also were gold and silver watches, and a large assortment of valuable plate, much of it bearing Sir John Franklin's crest, together with rolls of sheet lead, brass curtain rods, books, iron cooking stoves, pickaxes, shovels, an amazing quantity of clothing, and hundreds of other articles, such as, for the most part, modern sledge-travellers in these regions would consider a mere accumulation of dead weight, but slightly useful, and very likely to break down prematurely the strength of the men hauling them.

This was about seventy-five miles only from where the ships had been abandoned, and from thence onward the route taken by the survivors was found clearly defined in after years by the skeletons of the poor fellows who had succumbed to the horrors of the march. They skirted King William Island, crossed to Adelaide Peninsula, and there, at a spot which was subsequently named Starvation Cove, the end came.

At all events, there was here found a second boat, covered with an awning, and in and round it the remains of thirty or thirty-five men. That a few of them, the hardiest, may have pushed on a bit further is quite possible. But if so they could have cheated death only a very little while longer.

A sad story!

Ay! But also a grand and inspiring one.

It is commemorated in letters of gold inside Westminster Abbey, on the Franklin monument in Waterloo Place, on the pedestal of the statue of the great navigator which was erected by public subscription at Spilsby in Lincolnshire, and elsewhere.

But, most of all, it lives in the glorious annals of our island story.

NOT "P.W."

A POPULAR contributor to a certain weekly paper recently died, and a visitor to the office the day after the funeral found the editor and his staff talking about their loss disconsolately.

"It has been a sad loss, friends," the visitor said. "A sad loss indeed." He sighed and looked about the room. "And I am pleased to see," he went on, "that you commemorate the melancholy event by hanging up crape."

The editor frowned.

"Crape?" he said. "Where do you see any crape?"

"Over there," said the visitor, pointing.

"Crape be blowed," said the editor hotly. "That isn't crape. It's the office towel."

TO BE PRECISE.

"THE most laconic man I know of is a deaf and dumb man in our neighbourhood," said a man who was travelling by train to the City.

"He never writes on his little pad more than enough to convey his meaning. He's a good cribbage-player, and one night he won a watch and chain from a young man. The latter's father met the mute. The deaf and dumb man produced his little pad. On it the irate father wrote:

"'I understand you won Bob's gold watch the other night.'

"He handed it to the deaf and dumb man, and expected to see him offer to give up his spoils.

"Not so, however! Instead, the afflicted took the pad, wrote two words carefully on it, and returned it. Inscribed thereon were the words, 'And chain'!"

Wellington sent a "thin red line" of guards at Napoleon and won Waterloo. Why don't you send a neat written line at once and win this week's limerick competition.

No Past is Dead.

DRAMATIC SERIAL STORY.

By SIDNEY WARWICK,

Author of "Shadows of London," "The Knave of Diamonds," "In Name Only," etc., etc.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE.
The Sword Falls.

ONCE Zoe had thought of writing to Duchesne, telling him where she was, asking him to come down, that she might plead with him to be merciful. Once her power over him had been absolute, her slightest wish law to this man who had loved her so devotedly—was the old spell utterly dead? She had left nothing undone to kill it finally; yet it might be that even yet there were sparks among the dulled embers—that she might soften him to mercy by an appeal.

Zoe Ferrol had even begun a letter to him in the desperate hope, seeing no other way out; it was lying in her bureau now, a letter begun in a moment of utter desperation. But she had never sent the letter, had never even finished it; her courage had failed her.

But she must do something. The days were slipping past—the days that would bring John Ferrol back to England. And once John Ferrol was back, concealment of her whereabouts from Duchesne was impossible. She must think of some plan soon. But what plan . . . ?"

Zoe Ferrol walked out into the garden bareheaded; the soft breeze with the breath of the salt sea in it ruffled the hair that as yet showed no line of grey; except for the haggard look about her eyes, even in spite of it, she still looked almost as young and beautiful as on the day that Armand Duchesne made her his wife.

She glanced towards the rustic gate. A man was passing, a man with a short beard; he was walking slowly, and he had appeared to be looking up interestedly at the house. It was curious how something in his figure seemed faintly familiar to Mrs. Ferrol. She wondered whom the man reminded her of; his face was quite unfamiliar. As he saw her scrutinising look the man quickened his pace a little.

The next moment she even ceased to speculate about that vague resemblance to someone she had known. She turned her eyes up the road in the other direction, as a sound broke upon her. Over the crest of the hill a motor-car was coming swiftly—a black speck on the white chalk road that grew bigger as it bore down towards the cottage—that grew suddenly and in a moment into the living personification of the terror that haunted her.

For an instant a dizzy vertigo swept her, and a mist swam before her eyes, blotting out the spring sunshine. The motor-car stopped at the rustic gate; there was only one man in the car. He jumped out and came towards her, a smile playing about his lips.

"What a delightful rural retreat you have here—Mrs. Ferrol!" said Armand Duchesne.

The man who had lounged past the cottage a few moments before was no longer in sight from the garden. He had crept up to the hedge—a thick hedge of holly that made an effectual screen. Under cover of it he was, for some reason best known to himself, creeping back towards the garden gate.

The guilty woman stood on the gravel path shaking so violently that she must have fallen had not her fingers closed on the back of a garden chair. Through the mist swimming before her eyes she saw the man approach, come close. He spoke again:

"I am glad to find your servants misinformed me. From them I was given to understand that you were in the States with—with your husband."

She caught the mocking intonation on the two last words.

She was making a desperate fight for self-control, summoning all her courage.

"But I was—was going to—to tell you where I was—I wanted to see you—to speak to you alone." She found it difficult to articulate the words.

Duchesne's face expressed polite incredulity.

"Really? Then is it not rather strange you should show such considerable agitation when I anticipate your wishes?'

"But I can prove it—I will show you the letter I had begun to you!" she cried desperately.

She turned and went as swiftly as her shaking limbs would allow her into the room of the cottage. Once she stopped and pressed her hand to her side, as though a sudden pain at her heart had stabbed her. Duchesne followed her into the cottage. She snatched the unfinished letter—the letter she had not meant to send—from the bureau and thrust it into his hands.

"I—I wanted to see you, but not in that house in Sloane Street, where one is surrounded by servants, possible spies," she began breathlessly, almost incoherently. "Armand, I have not deserved any mercy from you—though perhaps when you know all, know how I was tempted, you will think less harshly of me—but I beg it of you, if only by the love you bore me once, by the love I bore you—yes, the love I bore you! Oh, it's true; I did love you, Armand! See how I humble myself to beg you to forego your revenge!"

She flung herself at his feet, seizing his two hands with a wild, pitiful gesture. He drew them away.

"Suppose you rise," he said coldly. "I have yet to learn that I think of you more harshly than you deserve; I have yet to be convinced that you ever loved me at all. It will only be a waste of breath to try. You were my wife, whom I loved with a depth of feeling women like you are incapable even of understanding," he said contemptuously. "I went abroad in order to make money that would surround you with comfort; no work was too hard for that. And you—you engineered this infamous plot to rid yourself of me, because I was poor then, because you thought I should always be poor; you caused me to believe you dead, and under another name you tricked a rich man into a travesty of marriage! How dare you tell me you ever cared for me?—you who never in all your selfish life cared for a living soul but yourself!"

The window was open; the last sentences, in their tones of passionate anger that swept him like a flood, could have been heard far beyond the confines of the room. Only the road appeared to be deserted. The old gardener busy at his trench some distance away was deaf; he never even turned or looked up from his work, and the woman who looked after the cottage was down in the village. The one other person who caught those fierce words was invisible to the occupants of the room, crouching down with a startled look beyond the hedge of holly.

"Armand, you must listen; it is true—I did care; oh, I did!" In that moment of terror, pleading for her life, this desperate woman almost persuaded herself that it was true. "Only I was poor—you know how poor—and I was tempted; it was a mad scheme suggested by my uncle. I—I felt I should only be a drag on you, that it was best——"

"Stop!" he broke in harshly. "Enough of these lies! You may be a good actress, but I know you too well for you to deceive me! Why should I spare you? Could I let you go on deceiving the man who believes you his wife, even if I were to forget how you have wronged me—let you continue your infamous guilty career? And why should I? I have no love left—that's utterly dead; I have only anger and loathing and contempt for you now. Why should I spare you?"

"For the love you once bore me——" she began desperately. The look in his face frightened her.

He laughed harshly.

"It has no spell to conjure by," he said. "Do you know that day that I learned first of your infamous plot I told myself that when we met I should kill you? But—well, I've changed my mind." And he shrugged his shoulders. "To me you represent a creature so utterly vile, so utterly worthless, I shall not take the law into my own hands; there are other means of ensuring the punishment you have deserved. Why should I spare you, murderess that you are?"

"Look at me—you have held me in your arms, you have kissed my eyes, my hair! You have told me that in your eyes no beauty could compare with mine!" she cried desperately. "Look! Am I so altered? You can't—oh, you can't strike such a blow at the woman you once loved so tenderly!"

He bit his lip; a frown came. Was he thinking of the old days to which she would draw his memory back? Had the old spell and glamour still some shred of power left to sway him against his own judgment?

He did not speak. There was a moment's tense silence. The frenzied woman caught at his arm.

"Let me see your face! You can't do this, you can't! You've punished me enough by this torture of suspense——"

Her voice trailed away into silence. She had heard the gate click, and even in her desperation she remembered prudence. A minute later two people, a man in clerical attire and a lady—the rector of the parish and his wife—passed the window—acquaintances of Mrs. Ferrol's, who had come to pay an afternoon call.

"Armand," she whispered feverishly, as he moved towards the door, "what are you going to do? Come and see me before you do anything—at least promise me that! Come to-night."

The old smiling, mocking look was back in his face, filling her with terror. For a moment she had thought her appeal had moved him, but he was pitiless—pitiless!

"Has not all been said that can be said?" he asked. "But I'll come to-night—if only to admire your gifts as an actress!"—with a sneer and a shrug of his shoulders as he left her.

Ailwyn Trent had not been able to play eavesdropper long. The sight of the rector and his wife coming along the road had forced him to leave his post of espionage behind the hedge. But he had heard something that had startled him immeasurably.

He went into the Restarrick Arms to think over this new development.

The woman masquerading as Mrs. Ferrol was really the wife of Armand Duchesne! That explained her fear of the man; that was evidently the secret respecting which the murdered woman had been trying to blackmail her.

There was a look of evil triumph in Ailwyn Trent's face as he sat there drinking, revolving this new revelation in his mind.

It had been a fine piece of work when he extracted from Mrs. Ferrol's French maid that information that had enabled him to put Armand Duchesne on the track of this woman's hiding-place! Armand Duchesne—her husband! To her other crime she had added that of bigamy!

It was to this woman he owed his present position; it had been for her crime that the police would have arrested him—she had been willing that he should be suspected; it was for that purpose that she had removed his photograph from the murdered woman's room; but soon he would be able to pay back this bitter, deep-set grudge he had against her. She should suffer!

She had murdered Clara Ailwyn, his wife—Duchesne knew that, too, evidently; she should be brought to book, tried, hanged! Then he would have nothing more to fear. He could then come back to life again, step back into his own.

Ailwyn chuckled at the thought. How would Olive, his wife, like that?

He had heard that Dennis Garth was about to leave, or had left, the neighbourhood; that would be in consequence of the revelation that Olive's husband was living, of course. Ailwyn Trent could picture with malicious enjoyment the effect on both Dennis and Olive of learning that he was alive, to stand between them still.

He sat in the inn drinking, revolving these thoughts. He had not yet formed any clear plans as to his course of procedure—how he was to bring the guilty woman to justice; indeed, the amount of spirits that he absorbed as he sat in the Restarrick Arms, steadily drinking through out the afternoon and into the dusk of evening, was hardly conducive to clearness of reasoning.

He was only half sober when he at last arose and walked, not very steadily, out of the inn. The short afternoon of early spring had long since closed in; it was dark now.

He looked down the road. Mrs. Ferrol's cottage stood alone, the last house in the village, some distance from the rest. He could see a light gleaming behind the red blinds of the window. A thought struck him.

"She has had one scare this afternoon—why shouldn't I give her another?" he said to himself, with a low, half-drunken laugh. "What if it does put her on her guard? She can't escape me."

Ailwyn Trent walked down the deserted road towards the house where the light fell through the window across the dark roadway like a trail of blood.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR.
Darkness and Silence.

INSIDE the room of the cottage, behind the curtained window through which the light fell red across the roadway, Zoe Ferrol was waiting in a fever of restlessness born of the maddening suspense that tortured her, waiting for Armand Duchesne.

How still it was! The very silence of the place oppressed her; it seemed to emphasise her loneliness, her helplessness. No passing footsteps on the road outside, no sound of human voices; after nightfall the road was generally deserted, but she had never noticed how isolated the cottage was until to-night; the silence had never oppressed her before as it oppressed her now.

She had sent the woman who acted as housekeeper out to her friends in the village. Armand Duchesne had said he would come to-night. The woman must not overhear their talk.

And when Armand came?

She had made that last desperate prayer, hoping that her appeal to the old sentiment might move him; for a moment she had thought it would. But his last words had killed that hope. The man who throughout that meeting under John Ferrol's roof had played with her like a cat with a mouse in merciless cruelty would not spare her. It was hopeless to think of moving him to pity—hopeless. She was half-mad with fear as she waited, pacing restlessly about the room, as though her torturing thoughts would not allow her to remain inactive. He would show no pity, for all her prayers or entreaties—that conviction closed in upon her. The end had come.

"If only the sea had dragged him down with the wreckage of the foundered ship!" Zoe Ferrol suddenly broke out fiercely, clenching and unclenching her hands.

How she hated this man, who was so merciless! If only he were dead—dead and in his grave! It was as though Fate had drawn him safely from the reaching grip of death, first on the sea, then by land, to act as the Nemesis of her crime.

A light as of madness smouldered in the woman's feverish eyes.

If only he were dead, like that other one who had fathomed her secret—that woman Clara Ailwyn, the daughter of the lodging-house keeper, who had pried and spied and found out the plot that had been carried out in her mother's house, and had stolen the wedding-ring from the dead woman who was buried under the name of Mrs. Armand Duchesne.

Zoe Ferrol thought of that tragic night when she had her interview with the woman—insolent, greedy, and intent on blackmail—who step by step had gathered the links of proof connecting the so-called Mrs. Ferrol with the bigamous wife of a living man, Armand Duchesne, until the chain was complete.

She had been half-mad that night, goaded by fear. As Clara Ailwyn tauntingly showed her the wedding-ring—from which once, in a fit of petulant rage at her folly in having married a poor man, she had erased the letters of her name Joy engraved there—she had snatched the circlet of gold from the would-be blackmailer's hands in an access of passion and flung it into the street.

Then, almost before she realised what she was doing, terrified at the woman's threats, Zoe Ferrol had snatched from her hat the antique stiletto with its chased handle and fine, needle-like blade that it was her whim to wear as a hatpin, and stabbed Clara Ailwyn to the heart.

That unpremeditated act of a blind, passionate moment was back in her mind now—and the terrible overtaking fear that had followed it. Her one thought then had been how to evade the consequences of her crime, to escape before suspicion could fall on her. No one had seen her come; no one else was in the flat. She knew that Clara Ailwyn and her husband were on bad terms; and she had paused in her flight to snatch the photograph of the dead woman's husband from its frame—even in that moment of panic it struck her that, had George Ailwyn killed his wife, he would instinctively have destroyed that photograph, staring down from its prominent place on the mantelshelf, lest the police should circulate it as a means of tracing him: the removal of the photograph would look like the precaution of a guilty man.

(To be concluded next week.)

A SERGEANT was trying to lick into shape a dozen recruits, and one morning, having marched the men out to the drill ground, he proceeded with the customary business.

"Eyes right!" sounded the sergeant's husky throat.

"So's I," came back at once from about half the raw recruits, and business had to be temporarily suspended.

'Tis a frantic desire to be thinner, that has made her dispense with her dinner; If page one you have seen, you will know what I mean: Send your line and sail home as a winner.

The Judges in Samuda's

THIS GREAT COMPETITION CLOSES ON OCTOBER 17TH.

GREAT LIMERICK

ARE

MR. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, Editor of "The Strand Magazine."
MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, late Assistant Editor of The "Daily Chronicle."
MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, of "The World."

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY!

YOU HAVE STILL A FEW DAYS IN WHICH YOU CAN TRY FOR SAMUDA'S

£3 PER WEEK FOR LIFE

If you want to be Independent for Life you must cut out the Entry Form below and send in before October 17th.

NO ENTRANCE FEE. NO RISK. GUARANTEED PENSION.

ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS ASSURED.

THE COMPETITION.

This is certainly the greatest of all the Limerick Competitions. Mr. Samuda will pay £3 per week for life to the actual winner—as consolation prizes he will give £25 each to the solutions deemed second and third in merit by the judges, and to the next in order of merit he will give six prizes of £5 each, also 10 special prizes of £1 each.

WHAT £3 PER WEEK MEANS.

Try and realise what £3 per week would mean to you. Every week you would receive £3—it would keep you in sickness or health. If you go on working it will double your income at a stroke. It is an income that will provide you with every luxury you now forego, a better house, better food, better clothes, a better time. You would not have to fear sickness or accident, old age, poverty, or neglect.

THE OBJECT.

Mr. Samuda is the well-known manufacturer of the celebrated "Avoca" Cigars, Cigarettes, etc., and he has recently placed on the market a new Virginia Cigarette, the "Traylee" Cigarette, which is sold in boxes of 100 at 2s. 6d. As all readers will understand, it is most costly to successfully place any new Cigarette on the market. Most firms spend tens of thousands of pounds before they secure a regular sale. After careful consideration Mr. Samuda decided to establish this Limerick Competition for the express purpose of bringing the "Traylee" Cigarettes prominently before the notice of the British public.

THE CONDITIONS.

The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, together with a postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage, 2s. 8d. in all, before October 17th. Most men smoke Cigarettes, and most men pay 2s. 6d. per 100, even if they buy them in packets of 10 for 3d. at their tobacconist. As the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarette is far superior to any other Cigarette sold at this price, each competitor gets full value for his money, and, without additional cost, outlay, or risk, has an opportunity of winning a life-long independency. Every man who smokes Cigarettes should try as a matter of course. It costs him nothing.

THE JUDGES. ABSOLUTE FAIRNESS GUARANTEED.

As this is a special competition, and not a weekly feature, every line submitted will be carefully judged by an independent committee, consisting of eminent literary men. In this way competitors can rest assured that the best line will win. There will be no element of chance about the award, for the judging and consideration of the solutions rest entirely with the independent committee, who have not the slightest financial interest in Mr. Samuda's business.

IMPORTANT.

Any number of solutions may be sent in before October 17th, providing each solution is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes and the price, including postage, 2s. 8d. Additional lines should be written clearly on a plain sheet of notepaper and pinned to the entry form. Competitors are specially requested not to write letters, as the committee of judges will not have time to read or answer same.

A FINAL WORD.

Smokers should remember that in sending their order for 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes they secure full value for their remittance, and their chance to win the huge prize of £3 per week for life, or one of the many consolation prizes, does not cost them a single penny. Mr. Samuda fully realises that the quality of the "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes when once tried will secure regular smokers and numerous recommendations, so although he cannot expect to realise at the outset more than one-tenth of his investment, he feels confident permanent trade will be established, and in the course of a few years' time the original outlay will thus be covered.

TO WIVES, MOTHERS, AND SISTERS.

Almost every day your husband, son, brother, or fiancé buys cigarettes. Why not insist upon his purchasing 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes to-day and let you enter the competition? Think it over! It may mean your being independent for the rest of your life.

POINTS TO REMEMBER.

In the interests of competitors the following points are worth remembering:—

1. An independent committee of judges will decide.
2. Every Limerick sent in will be read and carefully considered. Every solution must be in by October 17th.
3. The names of the prize-winners will be advertised in the "Westminster Gazette" (last edition), Oct. 23.
4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.
5. The winner's weekly income will commence from the date the competition closes, and cheque will be forwarded on the first of each month afterwards.
6. No member of the firm, employee, or friend of any member or employee, will be eligible to compete.

Any number of solutions may be sent, providing each is accompanied by a separate order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes, and the price, 2s. 8d.

REMEMBER—The closing date is October 17th.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT AND FILL UP CAREFULLY

ENTRY COUPON.

"Pearson's Weekly," No. 4.

To the Limerick Committee,
c/o J. SAMUDA & Co.,
34 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

.....1907.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send me post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you cannot execute this order you are at liberty to return my solution and money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

Full Name.....

Postal Address.....

Town .....

N.B.—All Orders will be dispatched in strict rotation.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

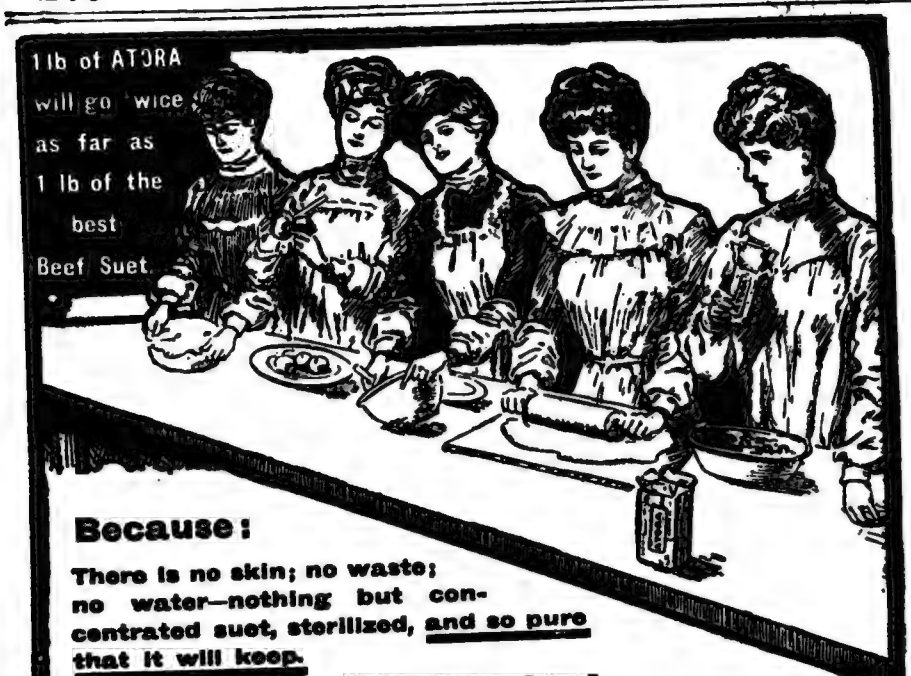
That the "Traylee's" the Best Cigarette,
Is a tip that you cannot regret;
And in buying, I'll mention
There's a three-pound-a-week pension,

.....

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Address Envelope—The Limerick Committee,
c/o Messrs. J. SAMUDA & Co.,
34 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

If more than one Solution is sent write same on a plain piece of paper and pin to this entry form (see Rules).



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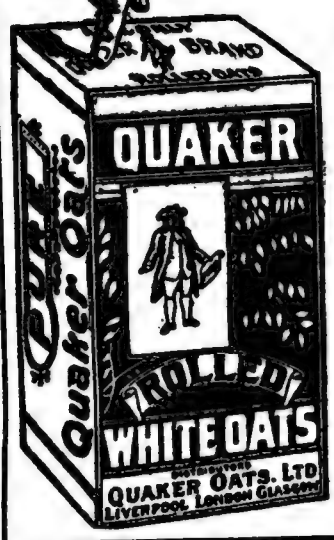

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Re BRITISH CARPET WEAVING CO. (Late of Old Street, London). F. HODGSON & SONS, of Leeds, have purchased for cash the whole of the above business, goodwill and effects, from the Official Trustee in Bankruptcy. Reduced Sale Catalogue of Brussels, Axminster, Tapestry, Velvet, and Foreign Carpets and Hearthrugs, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., sent post free, if mentioning *Pearson's Weekly*, 17/10/1907, when writing.

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With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send Two Carpets and TWO Rugs for 10s. 6d.

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"The Countess of Selkirk would thank the British Carpet Co. to send her another Carpet similar to the one she got from them a fortnight ago, which is most satisfactory."

THE LOT

QUILTS! QUILTS!

P. W. S.

20,000 Real Odourless Wadded Quilts.

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Size, 9 by 12 inches. Very strong, equal to Sterling Silver in appearance and wear, well finished, assorted in Mask, Bird, and other designs.

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CHEF SAUCE.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM IN SAUCES.

Neither too hot nor too vinegary. Just the right amount of piquancy and zest to suit all tastes.

DELICIOUS FRUITY FLAVOUR.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. If difficult to obtain locally, however, a full-size sample bottle, with name of nearest agent, will be sent free on receipt of six penny stamps.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Ltd., 18 Trinity Street, London, S.E.

THINGS A . . . WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Gingerbread Cake.

Mix thoroughly together half a pound of flour and four ounces of butter, then add four ounces of brown sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of ground ginger, and two tablespoonfuls of treacle. Stir all together again, and drop a tablespoonful of the batter on the baking-tins, and bake till cooked thoroughly. (*Reply to* ELWYN.)

Apple Compote.

Make a syrup of one cup of sugar and half a cupful of water. Flavour with a piece of cinnamon and the thin rind of half a lemon. Pare and core the apples (sour ones cook more quickly than sweet), then drop carefully in the hot syrup to harden the outer surface. Cover closely and cook very slowly till soft, but not broken. Serve cold in a bowl, with whipped cream on the top.

Mountain Ash Berry Jelly

Is very good and very popular if served with mutton, venison, and hare. The berries must be perfectly ripe. Pick from their stalks, set in a pan, and cover with water. Let the contents come nearly to the boil, mash them down with a wooden spoon, and strain through a jelly bag. Then add one pound of sugar to every pint of juice and boil slowly till it jellies. (*Reply to* CANADIAN.)

Potato Short Crust

Is excellent if baked in a good sharp oven and is equally good for sweet and savoury pies. Boil some nice potatoes dry, and when cold pass through a sieve or masher. Take three ounces of mashed potatoes, three ounces of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix all well together, and then rub into it (with finger tips) three ounces of lard or beef dripping. Add just sufficient water to make all into a stiff paste. Roll out thin and bake at once.

Damson Pickle.

Secure the fruit with stalks on, and not over-ripe. To every quart allow six ounces of lump sugar and one pint of white vinegar. Prick each damson in several places with a darning-needle. Boil the sugar and vinegar together, and pour it boiling over the fruit. Next day drain the syrup from the fruit, boil again, adding a quarter of an ounce of cloves and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon or mace, then pour it over the damsons as before. The third day simmer all very carefully so as not to break the fruit. Store in jars, and when cold cover with bladder. This pickle will keep for years. (*Reply to* GLASTONBURY READER.)

LAST LINES THAT MEAN MONEY.

Here is the very latest form of competition, invented by "Home Notes," and known by the name of "JINGLES." We have made arrangements by which readers of "Pearson's Weekly" may enter for the Jingle in this week's "Home Notes."

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a POSTAL ORDER FOR SIXPENCE, and place it in an envelope addressed to "Home Notes," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 5" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, October 16th.

EXAMPLE.

Jack and Jill
Walked up the hill
Until they reached the crown.
Trudged all the way,
For, sad to say,
Their car had broken down.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co." All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms, or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received, three-fourths will be divided amongst the ten competitors whose attempts are considered by the adjudicators to be the best and most original, and one-fourth will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by "Isobel," who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

ENTRY FORM. **JINGLE No. 5.**

Mrs. Lees
Made toasted cheese
And gave some to the cat.
The cat it died,
"Alas!" she cried,

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The result of the second contest appears in this week's "Home Notes."

THE FORM DIVINE.

STIFFNESS is utterly ungraceful in the feminine figure. The movements of an unconscious child are the perfection of grace—they are easy, unstudied, and natural. The throat should be round, and the waist should be twice the size of the "tower of ivory." The shoulders should be sloping and not too broad, neither should they be too narrow, but occupy that soft and rounded mean that is offered in Milo's Venus. The figure should be, above all, easy. The hips should be high in a woman, and wide; the feet small, but in due proportion to the height of the figure. The arm should have a round and flowing outline, with no sharpness at the elbow; it should taper gently down to a small wrist.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Use Marrow Seed

For baiting mouse-traps, and you will find it a great success.

A Food Trial.—He Knew He'd Done "The Right Thing."

Doctors are the first to admit that chronic dyspepsia cannot be cured by drugs. So long as your food is not properly digested every cell in your body is starved, and every organ is getting correspondingly weak. The only food that *can* reach these starved cells and pass quickly into the blood, is a food that is partially pre-digested so as to relieve the overtaxed stomach.

That is why Grape-Nuts Food effects marvellous cures of chronic dyspepsia, for in this food the starch of the grain is partially pre-digested in the process of manufacture. Realise this fact, and remember that Grape-Nuts is a *complete* food, containing phosphate of potash for the brain and nerve cells, and energising grape-sugar for the muscles, and you will understand why a clerk living at Ilford, Essex, should write us as follows:—

"After nine months suffering from chronic dyspepsia, under medical treatment nearly the whole of that time, and going about afraid to eat anything, I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts. I took it with warm milk, night and morning, and after a fortnight I knew I had done the right thing, for I felt so much better. I have used it regularly since, and during my three months on this diet I have had no occasion to seek medical advice. This regular use of Grape-Nuts has also strengthened my digestion remarkably, so that at my midday meal I can now eat heavy food without any ill effects."

Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., 66 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

7d. per packet of your own grocer.

WARNING.—Imitations of Grape-Nuts are on the market, paying the retail grocer a special profit to push the sale.

If you really want a skilfully and scientifically made brain food, insist upon getting Grape-Nuts. Most grocers will promptly supply genuine articles without attempt to palm off something "just as good."

If your grocer tries to substitute some imitation "Nuts" for genuine Grape-Nuts, perhaps the other grocer down the street might serve you more faithfully.

If you find Grape-Nuts food a bit soft from the late damp weather, put it in an oven with the door left open and dry until crisp. Then add a sprinkle of sugar and some milk enriched with cream and there you are, the finest breakfast food extant.

SIX MILES UP IN THE AIR.

THE report that two German aeronauts succeeded the other day in ascending, in a hydrogen-inflated balloon to a height of 31,000 feet (nearly six miles) lends fresh interest to the oft-revived controversy as to what really constitutes the record in this direction.

Usually, it is claimed for the ascent made by Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell, at Wolverhampton, on September 5th, 1862, when a height of 37,000 feet (seven miles) was supposed to have been reached. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether such an altitude was really attained. The recording instruments in use at that time were not nearly so accurate as they now are. Consequently the aeronauts might easily have been mistaken.

That they almost certainly were misled in some way was proved afterwards by the experiences of the crew of the "Zenith" balloon, which ascended from La Villette, near Paris, on April 15th, 1875. In this instance the aeronauts, three in number, carried cylinders of compressed oxygen gas to enable them to breathe in the rarefied air of the lofty altitudes they expected to reach. Yet, despite this precaution, they all three lost consciousness at 27,000 feet, and at 28,000 feet, the greatest height registered, two of them died of suffocation.

Moreover, the survivor stated afterwards that they experienced at 25,000 feet most of the alarming symptoms which Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell suffered from at the (supposed) height of 37,000 feet; that is to say, they lost the use of their limbs, their hearts beat irregularly yet very rapidly, and blood exuded from their mouths, eyes, noses, and ears.

The inference seemed obvious at the time that life could not under any circumstances be sustained at a greater altitude than 33,000 feet, and that any ascent above 25,000 feet must be attended with grave danger, and this view has been amply borne out by subsequent experiments.

MAKING SURE.

ARTIST: "I want to get a frame for a rather important picture I've just finished."

Picture Dealer: "Certainly, sir. For your own use?"

Artist: "No; I'm sending it to the exhibition."

Picture Dealer: "Just step this way. I've the very thing. There! You see, the design of the frame is a nymph on each side! Absolutely excludes all danger of having the picture hung upside down."

CUSTOMER: "I want a piece of meat without fat, bone, or gristle."

Butcher (after having carefully examined his stock): "You'd better have an egg, ma'am!"

FOR THE BEST

FOOTBALL REPORTS

READ THE

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

240,000 PER CENT. PROFIT.

ONE of His Majesty's judges expressed surprise the other day on hearing that a certain proprietary pill was sold at a profit of more than 6,000 per cent. on prime cost. Yet there are scores of other articles ordinarily dealt in by tradespeople that show a bigger return even than this.

Mineral waters, for instance, cost to manufacture, on an average, about the one-hundredth part of a penny per bottle. Yet your grocer will charge you three-halfpence for a "large" soda, and a publican fourpence, the gross profit over prime cost working out at 15,000 and 40,000 per cent. respectively.

A quart of lime-water is sold ordinarily by chemists for sixpence. Yet a single pennyworth of lime will suffice to make certainly not less than 200 gallons; gross profit, 240,000 per cent.

Artificial teeth, which used to be made of ivory, always a most expensive material, are now made of porcelain at a cost of about fivepence apiece, excluding, of course, the attached pieces of platinum. Yet a dentist will still charge you ivory prices—say, ten guineas to twenty guineas a set.

Spectacles and "folders," such as are sold in the shops of West End oculists for from two to seven guineas a pair, cost only a shilling or two to manufacture, so far as regards the lenses, which are, after all, the essential thing. The gold or silver mounts are exceedingly light, and their intrinsic values consequently trifling.

And, as it is with these things, so it is with many others. A guinea top hat costs about 2s. to make. An ordinary violin, such as is retailed at, say, two or three guineas, can be put together at a total inclusive outlay of about 4s. Diamonds are expected by the wholesale dealers and producers to yield not less than 10,000 per cent. profit, and the South African "ring" usually arranges matters in such a way that expectations are not disappointed.

Don't give up because you haven't won a Limerick prize yet. Every dog has his day, and every Limericker has his week. This may be yours.

"When Chimneys Sway."

W. H. K. has been suffering under an unfounded accusation, and is justly indignant. "I happened to mention to a friend," he writes, "that I had seen a chimney stack swaying in a strong wind, when my friend jocularly informed me that it must have been myself that was unsteady, as such a thing was impossible. Now, I am quite certain I saw that stack sway, being at the same time in a perfect state."——Never mind your friend's unkind suggestion, W. H. K. As long as you feel quite certain you were in "a perfect state" I should treat it with the scorn that it deserves. It is quite possible for a chimney stack to sway slightly in a high wind. A church tower or spire does the same when a peel of bells is being rung, but it is no sign in either case that there is the least danger of a collapse. It is not often, of course, that a chimney sways sufficiently to attract attention, and I should certainly feel a trifle nervous if one started doing it in my immediate neighbourhood. Perhaps you possess exceptionally good sight, however. In any case you can inform your friend that he is quite wrong in imagining that such a thing cannot occur. To adapt a well-known proverb to the occasion: "Where there's a wind, there's a sway."

Glasses in the Bush.

N. R.-S. is somewhat depressed at having to wear glasses. "I feel very uncomfortable," he writes, "in the presence of friends and other people. Why is it? Is it vanity? Certainly, glasses are very disfiguring—don't you think so? And yet I don't think it is altogether vanity that makes me feel so strange. Again, I hope to go in a few weeks to Australia, and lead a wild and more natural life in the Bush. Do you think spectacles would prejudice my success, and would they, in your opinion, preclude the possibilities of my ever becoming a great traveller or explorer—my ideal?——I am sorry your sight has been giving you trouble, N. R.-S., and can quite understand your feeling uncomfortable at first in glasses. It is by no means necessarily vanity that prompts such an emotion. People feel exactly the same when they shave off their beards or moustaches, though very possibly such operations may have been the cause of a distinct improvement in their looks. It is the sensation of strangeness which you feel yourself that makes you think everyone else is concentrating their attention upon your appearance. Glasses are certainly not the disfigurement or handicap which you seem to think them. I see no reason why you should not make a success in your new life, and in time become a well-known explorer, if eyesight proves to be the only obstacle. If men like Mr. Crawford and others can play first-class cricket in glasses it is surely possible to do most other things in the way of outdoor life. I shall hope to receive a postcard from you one day from the North Pole. Good luck.

Doing the Right Thing.

"I THINK you would be doing the right thing," writes MAGGIE (Tooting), "if you gave a word of warning to girls about being in too much of a hurry to rush into matrimony." MAGGIE goes on to say that she has been married four years, and she thinks her case must be a fairly typical one. Before she was married she was earning 30s. a week, and was able to dress smartly and go to the theatre occasionally, and indulge in a Cook's tour when her annual holiday came round. Now, however, all is (alas!) changed. Her husband is as good to her as he can be, but he is not earning a very large income, and MAGGIE has to wait a long time for this new frock or that new hat. In short, MAGGIE was better off when she was single, and she is anxious that her sisters shall be warned in time.——That's all right, MAGGIE. You have been quite frank with me except upon one point. You do not say how married life has affected your husband. Perhaps he, too, was able to dress smartly when he was single, and it is equally possible that he also could go to the theatre now and then, and could have a really enjoyable summer holiday. But when he had to choose between his little luxuries and yourself, he doesn't seem to have had any doubt as to which he valued most. I think it is just possible that this aspect of the question has escaped you in the hurry; and while the anxiety to "do the right thing" is a perfect craze with me, I think I will keep back that "word of warning" for the present. Besides, MAGGIE, strictly between ourselves, even if I gave it, it wouldn't have any effect on the matrimonial rush. I am old enough to have learnt that.

Sham Culture.

"DON'T you agree with me," writes P. L. G., "that lots of people pretend to admire well-known books when they haven't even read them. I often hear girls say they like Meredith and Browning and all sorts of authors that I don't believe they could understand if they tried for a month. At all events, I can't. I think there is a tremendous lot of bunkum talked about books, and I am quite sure if people had the pluck to tell the truth, you would find that most of those who pretend to like the "classic" writers, really spend their time reading detective stories and ordinary novels. Personally, I think Kipling is worth most of the supposed great writers rolled into one, and I'd rather have ten lines of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Macaulay's poetry, than all the dreary rot that Milton ever turned out."——People's real opinions are always interesting, P. L. G., especially when they are nice, vigorous, refreshing ones like yours. I quite agree with you that there is a tremendous amount of humbug in literary matters. Very few people have the pluck to acknowledge that they have not read a well-known author, or that he has bored them to tears if they have. Perhaps you may have heard the story of Macaulay, who one day abused "Paradise Lost," in a roomful of supposed literary people. Of course, they all stood up for it, and declared it to be a great poem, but when Macaulay put the question all round on oath, it turned out that he was the only one who had read it! I am generally suspicious of very "cultured" young ladies who revel in Browning and similar authors.

Cu vi Parolas Esperanton?

ENGLISHMAN has run up against Esperanto, and his remarks about that really inoffensive method of inter-communication are quite severe. "There is no doubt," he says, "that the coming universal language is English, and Englishmen who encourage the study of this new-fangled nonsense are simply putting obstacles in the way of the final predominance of the English tongue."——Well, we all hope and expect that English will ultimately become the universal language; but it is a consummation that will hardly take place in our time. Meanwhile, it may be as well to point out to ENGLISHMAN that Esperanto doesn't aim at being a universal language. It is merely an auxiliary language, which people of all nationalities are recommended to learn as a supplement to their own native tongue. And as you can learn enough Esperanto in a month to be able to correspond in it, and to talk it with restrained fluency, it really does seem as if it would save time, a little. If you have any experience in learning French or German, you will know that it is a matter of months—usually years—before anything like proficiency can be obtained in either language. Whereas you can, with the help of a dictionary, puzzle out the meaning of a phrase in Esperanto right away, and this feat is not possible in any other language. The coming supremacy of English will be helped rather than hindered by the fact that Englishmen who have hitherto fought shy of other European languages on account of their difficulty, can communicate with the majority of foreign countries with the aid of the very easily learned Esperanto.

The Curse of Airships.

CURTIS, of Bedford, has opinions, and very strong ones, on the subject of airships. "I can't understand," he writes, "why these people who are experimenting in flying machines should be regarded as benefactors of the human race. It would be difficult to imagine any greater curse which could fall upon the world than a discovery which would enable men to fly. Just fancy what existence would be like with hundreds, or, perhaps, thousands, of airships, aeroplanes, and other similar contrivances floating about overhead. The passengers would knock out their pipes, drop their cigarette ends, and so on, over the side in exactly the same manner that they do now on 'buses. Any privacy would be absolutely impossible. You would be having tea in a quiet country garden, when all of a sudden an air char-a-banc crowded with East End trippers would stop suddenly above your head, and its passengers, after indulging in the usual mirthless sarcasm, would probably drop down an empty beer bottle or two, before setting their machine again in motion. You would constantly find some inquisitive bounder flapping his wings outside your third story window, and peering in to see what you were doing. War would be turned into a wholesale massacre, and, in fact, in every conceivable brand of existence, the new discovery would, as I said before, prove the most disastrous curse ever inflicted on humanity."——Such a slashing indictment as this rather takes one's breath away for a moment; but, nevertheless, one must admit that there is a certain amount of truth in it. The power of flying would probably not prove an unmixed blessing, especially at first. CURTIS, however, paints too black a picture altogether. He enlarges on all the disadvantages, and omits the good points. The very fact that war would be so terrible, for instance, would make its outbreak between civilised nations extremely improbable. As for his cheerful prophecies concerning the rain of cigarette ends, empty bottles, and so on, which would descend upon the earth, the act of dropping anything out of an airship would, no doubt, be made a legal offence and severely punished. After all, the useful policeman will be able to fly just as well as other people, and we shall, no doubt, constantly enjoy the sporting emotion of seeing him in vigorous pursuit of some transgressing aeronaut.

Is the Left Right?

W. G. L. presents a knotty problem. A lady he knows was walking home along a country road one evening after dark, when she was ridden down by a cyclist. The latter was riding on the left hand side of the road, and overtook W. G. L.'s friend, who was also on the left and going in the same direction. Since then W. G. L. has spent some time in discussing whether the lady was on her correct side or not. His friends say she was, but W. G. L. triumphantly points out that had she been on the other she would have seen the cyclist coming, and have been able to get out of his way. He asks what my opinion is on the point.——I think you are wrong, W. G. L. It is the duty of drivers or cyclists to look out ahead of them, and if a pedestrian keeps close into the hedge or wall, there is very little chance of being run down. At night people, as a rule, ride or drive well in the middle of the road. I quite see your point, but you overlook the fact that a nervous horse or driver is apt to be startled at the sudden appearance of someone walking straight towards them on the wrong side of the road, and if an accident occurs the pedestrian could scarcely expect much sympathy or redress. It is, of course, a question that everyone may decide for himself, but I fancy that you will find most country people, who, after all, should be the best judges, keep to the left.

Diet in the Home.

TYKE (Leeds) begs to inform me that he has recently been converted to vegetarianism. Incidentally, he adds that vegetarianism is undoubtedly the diet of the future, and that in a few years there will be no meat-eaters left; but we'll pass that for the present. TYKE's chief anxiety at the moment is that his wife doesn't take kindly to vegetarian diet at all, but insists on having a joint of meat on the table as usual, and he wants to know what other new converts to vegetarianism usually do under the circumstances.——Well, TYKE, I don't believe there is any general rule. You might thump the table to show you meant it, or you might even go so far as to break a plate in order to demonstrate the fact (if it is a fact) that you are master in your own house. But neither of these methods is really satisfactory, and I cannot conscientiously recommend them. The fact is that there is no law in this country compelling people to be vegetarians against their wills; and, besides, I think you had better give the system a fair trial yourself, before starting out to make other converts. Cases have been known where converts to vegetarianism on a Monday have felt a little dissatisfied with the new diet on the Tuesday, and on the Wednesday have sat down chuckling with glee in front of a porterhouse steak. I fancy, therefore, you had better try the effect of a vegetarian diet for a clear week before finally deciding that in a few years there will be no meat-eaters left. You might be a meat-eater by that time yourself, and it would hurt you to feel that you were in such a very hopeless minority.

Art is Long.

J. H. W. (Camden Town) wants to become a great artist. He has some taste for drawing, and he is anxious to know if it is necessary to take drawing lessons in order to become a successful black and white artist.——To begin with, J. H. W., if you think of becoming an artist at all, it is a very good point in your programme that you should have resolved to be a great one. Keep your aim as high as that all the time. As to the drawing lessons, I think, unless you are a very remarkable genius indeed, you will find them useful. Phil May told me once that he had never had a drawing lesson in his life, but then he was an exceptionally gifted man. Some artists hold the opinion that the ordinary art classes are not a good school for black-and-white students, for the reason that they cramp the individuality, and study the conventions with unnecessary exactitude. On the other hand, a man who has never learned drawing at the schools or studied under a competent master, can have no reasonable hope of attaining to eminence in his profession; and, besides, a student who sets out with "a taste for drawing," has usually got a good deal to unlearn. There are plenty of excellent schools in and around London where you can get instruction for a fee that is practically nominal, and I should strongly advise you to join one of them for six months.

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Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Mr P Doubleyou Plays Diabolo

His Experiences while Playing the Latest Craze-Game.

I STARTED at the editor aghast. Could this be the good, kind, benevolent, old gentleman whose language was ever free from reproach?

"I beg your pardon, sir?" I remarked.

"I want you to play the devil," he repeated somewhat peremptorily this time. In blank amazement I saw him pull out a box from under his desk, which he handed to me.

"Good morning," he said in a tone of finality, resumed his work, and I walked out of the door with the box, feeling not quite sure whether I was awake.

When I opened the box I found that it contained two short canes, which seemed to be very flexible Japanese rice sticks, connected at one end by a cord about a yard and a half long. There was also a hollow, double-headed top made of aluminium with a brass centre, and resembling two cones fastened point to point with holes in the side.

Inside were the directions which gave me a clue to the editor's apparently naughty remark. I found that with the apparatus a game called "Le Diabolo," or the "devil," was played; abroad they call it "the good devil."

PLAYED IN CHINA CENTURIES AGO.

When I made investigations I found that the game was really old, and that it has a singular characteristic of coming to life again every century or so. It is a game on which the Continent absolutely has gone mad, and which is causing the most extraordinary complications. It has played havoc with the Paris school-attendance records, and, in fact, it has taken such a hold of the Continental public that special steps have been taken in order to prevent children from playing truant in order to "spin the bobbin." At the same time, all ages and classes have fallen victims to it in a fashion never seen since the ping-pong craze.

It seems pretty certain that the Chinese played it untold ages ago. Some of the Eastern devils are of gigantic size, and are employed by hawkers to herald their approach, the vacuum produced in the bobbin causing a sharp whistling sound like a siren.

I found that the purpose of the player is to cause the diabolo to revolve rapidly by skilful manipulation of the string; when it has attained an extremely rapid rotative movement, it will act much the same as a gyroscope in balancing and travelling along the string. By manipulating the sticks the cord is made to hurl the top a distance, according to the skill of the player, and as it falls it is caught again on the slack string, and the process is repeated.

When played by more than one person the rules of the game, as laid down to control the play, are much the same as those of lawn-tennis, the court being laid out in two squares separated by a strip which takes the place of the tennis net. The player has to throw the diabolo so that it falls upon the square opposite to his own. The player in the other square then catches the bobbin on his cord, and hurls it back.

I COMMENCE TO PLAY.

At the first mistake which is made the next player takes his turn, each mistake counting as one point against the unfortunate individual. If it falls anywhere outside the opposite square a point is lost. I am told that an expert has no difficulty in throwing the bobbin in the air to a height of sixty feet and catching it on the string as it falls. In order to become anything like an expert, I suppose it takes weeks to learn the game.

Well, this is what I learned when I began operations, and I really thought that the game would suit me excellently, as I found out that it demanded a person of nerve, suppleness, attention, activity of body, and energy of mind—attributes which I possess in a marked degree. Having learned so much, I had no doubt that I should become a leading expert at the game, and I understand that such a person has his appearance heralded in the society papers, and is received in the highest circles without demur.

So it was that I carefully followed the very simple directions, and placed the diabolo on the ground with the cord underneath it. With my right hand I held the point of the stick about nine inches away, and the diabolo with the left hand level with my waist.

I squinted at the directions as they lay on the table, and saw that I could cause the bobbin to revolve by raising my right hand. In continuing the movement, I must raise and lower my right arm, while I kept my left one still. This did not seem a bit difficult, so I raised my right arm.

Nothing at all exciting took place—the diabolo simply rolled off the string, and gently sped to the most inaccessible place under my desk. I had to go on hands and knees to extricate it, then I went through the process again.

After seventeen tries, I discovered that the bobbin was indeed a demon, an elusive demon, which possessed an unsurpassable genius for hiding itself.

I must say that the wretched bobbin had a most glorious time in the way it baited me.

But I possess a large fund of patience, and, with the fire of a noble resolve in my bosom, I continued operations. At the best of times the string has a charming little knack of warping, twisting, and contorting itself in a manner which is enough to fill any ordinary sane being with quite reprehensible feelings. No sooner is the desired spin imparted to the bobbin than the thing gently topples to the floor, while the string falls limp

UP GOES THE BOBBIN.

Putting a little warmth into my endeavours, I made a beautiful start, but somehow I got the string entangled around my neck about three times, while the bobbin rolled harmlessly to the floor. The sensation when I pulled the strings apart was decidedly unpleasant, and reminded me too faithfully of the end to which, at one time, the editor confidently stated would be mine.

By this time I am afraid I was getting slightly ferocious, as, with splashes of moisture trickling off my nose, I seized the diabolo, and gave the string a good tug.

What happened, I am not quite sure. At the time I thought that the editor came into the room and gave me a violent blow between the eyes. When I was sufficiently able to look around me, I found that the door of my room was still closed, and everything was much as it was, even to the bobbin on the floor.

Still, I scarcely could think it was that wretched bobbin which struck me in the eyes, and caused the weal on the top of my nose considerably larger than the bobbin; and, besides, it looked so innocent and harmless as it lay there.

I'M NOT BEATEN YET.

I sat down and looked at the bobbin, and rose determined that I would never succumb to such a little thing as that. Once more I tried to spin the bobbin, and succeeded in imparting to it a speed of about 5,000 revolutions a minute. It shot to the roof, made a deep dent, and vindictively alighted on the top of my head, whence it dropped to the floor.

Now, I do not know whether my readers have ever had the sensation of being struck with a piece of metal revolving at 6,000 revolutions a minute; but I have, and had it not been that I have received an excellent early moral training, I am afraid that I should have said something to the point.

Now, this time I went for the thing most furiously, and I had one of the most exciting experiences of my life. I succeeded in breaking two of the electric lamps, the leg of a chair, and smashed the bookshelf front to smithereens. I felt that the diabolo was making me a wreck, mentally and physically.

So, with tightly clenched teeth, I made war upon that atrocity of a bobbin. It seemed to leer at me with a maniacal leer, and I felt that either it or I must come out victor this time.

With a paroxysm of vigour I set the blood-thirsty brute in rapid motion. It described a tangential curve on a parabolic basis. There was a most hideous crash of glass as the diabolo disappeared, taking with it the greater portion of the plate-glass window, darting across the street, and lodging itself in the wall opposite, where it fell upon the head of an inoffensive old lady, who chanced to be passing.

I had visions of a terrible disaster, and I am afraid that my nerves were so unstrung that I hurriedly made my exit through the back door, and left the office as far behind me as possible. Since then I have not been back, but I am sending this on to the editor with an intimation that I believe the game was indeed originated by the evil one himself.

Once more, when I am well again and strong, and am able to wear an ordinary hat, or one large enough to cover the lumps, and when I have recovered the use of both eyes, instead of having to squint out of the corner of one only, when the skin has grown upon my nose, my shin has healed, and my fingers have regained their old-time obedience to my will, I am going to tackle the double-headed horror in deadly earnest. I will master diabolo, I will. I will.

£100 FOR A BRIGHT IDEA.

WHAT with limericks and all the other numerous competitions at present before the public, there was probably never a time when bright and original ideas were so eagerly sought after or so well paid for. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd., the well-known art publishers, who have already inaugurated four highly successful competitions in connection with their postcards, are now offering the sum of £100 for the most original suggestion for a fifth. It will be remembered that in the first and second competitions, prizes were given to collectors of the greatest number of Tuck's postcards, while in the third competition prizes were given to collectors of only 300 of the most popular Tuck's postcards arranged in an album. The fourth competition comprised the above-mentioned three sections.

All suggestions must be sent in before December 31st, 1907. Further particulars may be obtained from Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons, Raphael House, London, E.C.

CHILDREN AND CURRANTS.

By RUTH BROWNLIE.

Once, when I was a child of five, I was shown a nest of unfledged thrushes—carefully hidden in an ivy-covered stump. Standing on tip-toe I could touch the queer skinny little birds, but they rather frightened me, for their mouths were stretched open to the widest capacity, and I was horrified by the thought that they were all simply starving.

I was eating a bun at the time, and no sooner was I left alone in the garden than I screwed my courage to the sticking point and thrust a hand into the nest. The next minute I held one of the fledglings in one hand and pushed a big round currant down its throat with the other.

Now the currant which I so urgently administered was in itself a splendid meal for any small bird. The only pity was that when I thrust it down the poor fledgling's throat I set myself up against Nature by neglecting to break the very fine thin skin of the fruit, and by so hurrying the process of feeding that the poor bird had no chance of breaking the skin for itself.

The result was that instead of feeding the bird I choked it.

Coming, now, to our human fledglings, the dear little folks who are the light and sunshine of our homes, let us have a talk about Children and Currants.

Everybody knows the attraction which the currant-bag has for little folks. I doubt whether there is a home-cook in the kingdom who hasn't often been told by children that, however nice currants may be when they are cooked, they are ever so much nicer quite raw. It is a fact, however, that until within the last year or two mothers have felt it a sort of solemn duty to keep a very tight hand over the currant-bag.

"If you have them now, you cannot have them in the cake," we say to the bairns, and, when once more reminded that they will be more fully appreciated now than they could possibly be at tea-time, we give the sober answer: "They aren't *good* for you, dear, and you mustn't ask again."

Now that is just where we mothers go wrong.

"They were simply starving."

Raw currants *are* good for our children—immensely better than the raw, unripe gooseberries and the sour apples which they eat from the garden; better, also, than any under-ripe or over-ripe fruit whatsoever.

Dried currants, in their uncooked state, are so exceedingly light and so very nutritious that—*provided the skin of the berry is broken before the fruit is swallowed*, ninety per cent of the total weight of the fruit is digested within half an hour of its being eaten.

Almost it would seem that the more precious the food the more snugly does Nature wrap it up. Peas and beans are very nutritious—see how carefully Nature packs them. Nuts are famous for their nutritive value—Nature seals them in wooden cases. Currants are, weight for weight, more nutritious than any other food known to man, and Nature has taken care that the fine skin shall be just strong enough to preserve the precious food from injury.

It has been proved by our scientists that none of the nutriment of the currant-grape escapes from the fruit during the simple process of drying, which is invariably carried out in the open sunshine and fresh air.

Currants lose only water in this drying, and the effect of the sunshine upon the gathered fruit is simply to change the fleshy portion of the currant into what is known as grape-sugar.

Grape-sugar is the most highly nutritive of all foods, and it is because currants are so remarkably rich in it that Sir Francis Laking, our own King's doctor, recommends them so heartily to people of all ages and all classes of society.

Sir Francis is of opinion that when once the people of this country have become fully aware of the food values of this wonderful fruit, Greece will have no time to look further for purchasers of all the currants she is able to produce.

With testimony such as this to reassure us, we mothers may cast every doubt to the winds and gladly provide our children with a full sufficiency of the fruit that is at once so wholesome and so inexpensive.

Don't give up because you haven't won a Limerick prize yet. Every dog has his day, and every Limericker has his week. This may be yours.

Save-life Industries.

THE Government of India is seriously alarmed. During the past five years the plague has been slaying the natives at a rate of over 3,000 a day. Everything possible is being done to combat the dreadful infection, and scores of scientists are burrowing into the causes of the epidemic.

One odd fact which these gentlemen have discovered in the course of their investigations is that oil sellers are practically immune from plague. Now, paraffin, as we all know, is detested by insects. Consequently, oil sellers, whose clothes reek of their merchandise, are completely free from parasites of all kinds, and especially from that pest of the tropics, the flea.

The flea, it has been discovered, is the medium which conveys the plague germ from the rat, which is the chief carrier of infection, to the human being, and so it comes about that purveyors of paraffin are safe from plague.

Petroleum has other virtues. In the United States doctors will often tell a workman who is threatened with lung disease to go and find a job in a refinery or in the oil fields of Pennsylvania. If the disease has not progressed too far the man nearly always recovers his health.

It used to be supposed that the printers' trade was not a particularly healthy one. There is, of course, a certain amount of dust arising from type metal, and printers must stoop to some extent over their work. Yet the printers' work has its advantages

YELLOW FEVER PASSES BY PRINTERS.

During the yellow fever epidemic of 1887 in Louisiania, Texas, and Florida, there was no case on record of a printer going under with the disease, and a little later, when cholera killed thousands in Chili, not one single member of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso succumbed.

Next to a bone manure factory, there is no industry where the odours are, from a visitor's point of view, more apalling than in a tan yard, and the stranger wonders how on earth the workmen manage to live in such an atmosphere. Yet, in spite of the smells, tan yard workers are a very healthy lot. Colds and coughs are rare among them, and consumption is practically unknown. The astringent properties of the tan bark probably account for this pleasant immunity.

The owner of a large sealing wax factory in Birmingham has ten times as many applications for situations in the resin department of his factory as he can possibly deal with. Some of the girls who write actually offer to work for nothing. The reason is that the medical qualities of resin are so well known that the part of the factory where the resin is prepared has become famous as a specific for anæmia and consumption.

After three months pale, thin, hollow-cheeked girls regain their appetite and fill out in a way which is simply amazing.

SEWERS AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Only second in efficacy as a cure for anæmia is that part of a sweet factory where chocolate cream is made. This may sound like a joke, but it is not so. A mere diet of chocolate cream would not have at all the same effect.

Another extremely valuable health resort is a spice factory. One of the largest in England is to be found at Leeds, and visitors to it are pleasantly astonished at the delightful contrast which its employees offer when compared with workers in other near-by factories. Even that part of the establishment where garlic is crushed, and where the odour is pungent enough to make one weep, is tenanted by most healthy-looking men and women.

Of all unpleasant places to visit, a gas works is one of the worst, and it might well be supposed that the men employed would suffer from breathing the gas-laden air. Perhaps they do, but it is worth noting that they have escaped very lightly in every one of the epidemics of influenza which have swept these islands.

Still more startling is the well-established fact that sewer work is far from unwholesome. The air in a sewer, contrary to general impression, is actually purer than that in the street above, and has the advantage of being entirely free from dust.

Take them all round, and you will not find in London a more sturdy and healthy-looking set of men than those who work far below the light of day in the sewers of the great city.

HOW WE GOVERN INDIA.

The Jewel of the East Needs Careful Watching.

INDIA is still pre-eminently the land of romance and mystery, and though it is the proudest jewel in the crown of our Empire, more misapprehension exists regarding it than any other portion of our territories beyond the seas. Even the very term "India" is ambiguous, as defined by Act of Parliament it means all that part of the great Indian peninsula which is directly or indirectly under British rule.

As popularly understood India includes British India and the native States, though the latter are not included in the official statistics of India.

Legally, British India signifies all territories governed by the King; while India means British India, together with the territories of all native princes or chiefs under the suzerainty of His Majesty.

India is really a land of many lands, and its inhabitants vary in the widest degree. There are seventy-eight great languages spoken, while there are many other less important languages.

The supreme power in India is vested in the Governor-General and his council. India is divided into eight great Provinces, each of which is governed according to its own peculiar way. These Provinces are again broken up into divisions under commissioners, and then further divided into districts.

At the head of each district is a collector-magistrate, or deputy commissioner, who has entire control of the district, and is responsible to the Governor of the Province. Under this magistrate there is a joint magistrate, an assistant magistrate, deputy collectors, and other officials. This is the usual division, and in some cases the collector-magistrate is also judge. Altogether there are 250 of such districts in British India.

The native States, with a few minor exceptions, are not under the direct control of British officials, and in all cases British law has no effect in these States. Excluding such countries as Afghanistan, Nepal, and Bhutan, there are 688 native States, which, in the aggregate, cover 700,000 square miles, and have a population of 70,000,000.

Both in size and importance the native States vary tremendously. In some cases large States are split up into such minute divisions, and have such a form of Government, that they are practically socialistic communities; on the other hand, some are governed in such a way that the prince is a perfect autocrat.

Each State has its own peculiarities of government, and is governed by its own native prince, ministers, or council, as the case may be, acting under the advice of the British resident or agent stationed there. In practice, and apart from a mere statement of words, this means that the native prince has to do as the resident informs him.

Officially, the prince is an autocrat with powers of life and death over all his subjects. The British Government undertakes to defend him against the depredations of all other rulers, and also to mediate in case of quarrels with his neighbours. In addition to this it undertakes to give him a proper education, should he be a minor.

While these native princes are given very great latitude, they are not allowed to make war or peace, nor are they allowed to send ambassadors to each other. No foreigner is allowed to reside in any of their courts without special sanction; this is to prevent foreign interference or meddling, which might be objectionable to our Government.

The military forces they are allowed to employ are strictly limited, and they have to help in the purchase of transport and supplies for the troops kept by the British Government. In addition to all this, the British Government possesses the right of deposing a chief in cases of misgovernment—the acts of misgovernment being interpreted by Britain.

The premier State is Hyderabad, which is as large as the kingdom of Italy, and its ruler, the Nizam, enjoys a gross revenue of about £3,000,000.

In addition to the British possessions in India the French and Portuguese have possessions; but these are unimportant, and in a backward condition compared with similar parts of India. The area of the French possessions in India is 25,000 square miles, but by the treaty made with England the French are not allowed to build any fortifications, nor are they allowed to garrison the colony by a French force larger than that required for purely police purposes.

The only native States in India which enjoy practically complete independence are Nepal and Bhutan, both of which have some very slight political relations with China, but have no relation with any other power.

Nepal has an area of about 54,000 square miles and is a wild, mountainous country, containing Mount Everest and some of the most beautiful valleys in the world. Some of our finest soldiers in the Indian army are recruited from the hill tribes of Nepal, forming the backbone of the Gurkha regiments.

Other independent countries are Beluchistan and Afghanistan. But they are not allowed to have any foreign relations with any power excepting the British.

NATURE SERIES.

By "Gamekeeper."

THE first step, after a murder of any sort has been committed — and found out—towards tracing the guilty, is to discover what kind of assassin must be looked for.

When a man, for instance, is "blown up," evidently by a bomb, the fact serves as a hint to seek his murderer amongst those Anarchistically inclined.

And so, when the gamekeeper, who, I am afraid, is apt to grow rather excusably callous to such sights, happens upon the scene of a murder on his beat, his first thought is to cast about for clues which will tell him the kind of murderer to look for and lay by the heels—if he can.

The spot where the victim is found, its position, the character of its wounds, signs of a struggle on the surroundings—these are all most important clues to the identity of the murderer.

And, of course, the better a keeper is able to read these signs the more chance he has of administering retribution to the guilty, and preventing what might become a series of atrocities.

The following instance goes a long way to show how people jump at conclusions, which, if persisted in, may lead, in the case of man, to unwarranted suspicion, and to the unjust punishment of animals.

Only this summer, a poultry-woman at a farm I was passing vehemently complained to me that someone had stolen a hen and her fine brood of newly-hatched chickens. This hen had been sitting in a ditch on the edge of one of my woods, parted from a public road by a meadow a hundred yards or so in width.

DARK DEEDS OF CATS AND FOXES.

On investigating the scene, I quickly reconstructed the tragedy, which, it was clear to me as noonday, was the work of a fox. During the difficult task of trying to prove this to the woman, I produced a few tawny hairs left behind; besides, you could see where reynard had thrust his way under some brambles—a human being would have stepped over these.

You may often come across dead rabbits and leverets, and you wonder what caused their end. Careful examination of the fur of their pole may disclose clogging by salive, while beneath you may find four small punctured wounds—the work of a weasel's needle-like teeth.

But perhaps a rabbit's neck may be partly eaten away—either by a weasel or a stoat. The keeper judges by the size of the tooth-marks and the extent to which bones are bitten through.

Since a determined cat will tackle almost anything that a fox will, it looks, at first sight, rather difficult to distinguish between the dark deeds of cats and foxes.

A cat, however, will leave practically all the feathers of an old bird, and the skin and fur of any but very young furred creatures—a fox swallows flesh, skin, fur, feathers, bones, and all except the large wing feathers of birds, and the stomach and nailed feet of ground game.

DONE TO DEATH BY BADGERS.

The snout of a rat or a decent-sized mouse will tell you that the rest of its body was eaten by a cat—probably puss finds the manipulation of the sharp front teeth of mice and rats painfully inconvenient.

Alongside field hedges you will often see many feathers strewn in a circle, with perhaps a few pieces of bone—these tell the keeper of hawks' banquets.

A rat loves to draw its victims into its burrow, and to make its sleeping-place redolent with the maturing perfume of bygone feasts.

Occasionally a keeper may happen upon fox cubs with their skulls crushed in by powerful jaws, and though he may not grieve overmuch, he knows that they were done to death by badgers.

And when, on going the round of his coops, the keeper finds the legs of little pheasants and scraps of downy skin, he vows vengeance for their depravity on rooks, which probably cleared off before he entered the field.

It does not follow that because a naturalist has told you they never kill game, especially pheasants, that brown or long-eared owls are wholly innocent.

True, they do not make a special study of game killing, but when young pheasants—even birds as big as old partridges—do take their fancy, these owls become regular terrors, beginning their orgies by pulling off their captives' heads, then picking the flesh from the bones.

Don't waste your time on Diabolo. Limericking is much more amusing, *and it pays*. It's better to be a winner than a spinner.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

A FLANK ATTACK.

How Cupid and a Soldier Outmanœuvred an Autocratic Guardian.

By WALTER J. MOWBRAY.

THE long-deferred darkness of the summer night closed in at last. The impatient Subaltern got up from his seat and walked to the window. His step was light, his manner alert. Already he had learned the value of strategy in the long siege that was still maintained. Open hostilities had proved of little use. So he secretly settled on a flank attack and trusted to luck for the issue.

The room was not a handsome one. Yet he had been glad enough to secure it at any price. His landlady had rightly conjectured that the duration of his tenancy would be brief. To make hay while the sun shone was therefore her ruling maxim. But the young Subaltern was in no way moved by this process of fleecing. He had his own part to play, and meant to carry it through at all costs.

He softly raised the window and fixed his eyes steadily on the house opposite. Nothing stirred. He took out a box of vestas and struck three in quick succession.

There was a brief suspense. Then the window which faced his own slowly opened, and he caught the gleam of a lovely arm as it drew back one of the curtains.

The young man was not slow to respond. His tactics were novel and ingenious. In an instant he was on his knees before the window. An air-gun rested lightly on the sill, and from its muzzle ran a coil of twine that lay in a circular ball upon the floor. The space before him was black, and the curtain still withdrawn. He drew the trigger and there was a soft thud as the missile darted to its destination. The discharge was almost noiseless, and the twine ran out with swift rapidity. He put down the gun and waited. A moment later he felt a sharp tug at the twine, and knew that the little missile had found its way within the room.

All his movements were quick. With a penknife he severed the twine and attached a length of wire. This was slowly drawn across by the same white arm till it stretched from room to room. Then he took his own end of the wire and fastened it to a little Morse instrument that stood upon the table. The darkness effectually concealed the line of communication across the street.

The fair traitor in the enemy's camp had been similarly employed, and it was not long before a brisk interchange of dots and dashes flashed from room to room. From a business point of view, there was a distinct extravagance of terms. But, interlarded with these flippancies, were a few terse instructions relative to the raising of the siege.

Necessity is the mother of invention, and there is always merit in novelty. Octavius Bounce had rudely forbidden the Lieutenant to his house, and the latter naturally fell back on his reserves.

The empty room had pointed out a remedy, and the lady of his choice was not long in mastering the principles of telegraphy and providing herself with a portable machine. She never went out unaccompanied. The Lieutenant had taken a good look at the elderly lady who acted as her protector, and put her down at once as incorruptible.

For a whole month this line of communication had been set up between the lovers. Messages had passed from house to house and plans for the future freely discussed. Omitting the endearments on both sides, we may record this transmission of ideas as follows:

"Any news?"
"No."
"Saw you go out this afternoon."
"Thought you did. Felt that you were there."
"How is the uncivil civilian?"
"As large as life."
"Have you considered my proposal?"
"Which one?"
"Now, do be serious. I mean the finisher."
"Yes. I've thought of nothing else."
"Well—what do you say to it?"
"I don't know. It seems rather risky."
"All the better."
"Suppose it should fail?"
"It won't. And it's worth a venture for two reasons."
"What are they?"
"Oh, they're obvious. The first is our own victory."
"And the second?"
"A sight of old Bounce's face."
"I agree."
"To the proposal?"
"No. To your view of the case."
"But what of the plan?"
"I don't know. I'm afraid I haven't the courage."
"Rubbish!"
"But suppose I can't persuade him?"
"I won't suppose anything of the sort."
"Are you quite sure about the train?"
"Absolutely."
"And the station?"
"Yes. It's the best idea I'm likely to hit."
"If it fails, we shall be worse off than we are now."
"I know that. But it mustn't fail."
"And you'll take care of me?"
"What a question? Try me."
"I think I will."
"You will?"
"Yes."
"Good! You're an angel. Farewell to telegraphy. I shall now turn my attention to penmanship. Good-night."
"Good-night."

The wires were disconnected and drawn to the room of the Lieutenant. The windows were softly shut, and the little instrument locked away. Silence reigned in the quiet suburban street, and there was nothing to show that by a novel process Love had laughed at locksmiths. The Lieutenant sat down and prepared to write. The task was by no means easy. For the epistle he had to indite was apparently intended to compass his own defeat.

* * * * *

Mr. Octavius Bounce was not a man to be trifled with. He carried all things with a very high hand, and kept his small household in a state of perpetual simmer. His father had begun life as a barber. But this was not his destiny. Fate the Invisible whispered in his ear one magic word. He took the hint and gave—or rather sold—to the world the famous remedy known to all as "Bounce's Pills." To his sons he bequeathed a goodly inheritance, and went to his reward. Octavius became the possessor of eighty thousand pounds, and outlived all his race. The orphan daughter of his sister took up her abode with him when she was barely fifteen, and remained there as his ward.

There never lived a more docile girl that pretty Hilda Lawrence. But even she had risen in revolt against that fierce old autocrat—Octavius Bounce. He domineered incessantly, and robbed her of liberty. Freedom of action was an utter impossibility. Hence the telegraphy across the street.

But for one regrettable circumstance she would no doubt have left his roof. Her mother's marriage had been far from happy. Her father had speedily run through her legacy and reduced them all to want. As a natural consequence Hilda found herself—upon the death of her parents—quite without provision for the future. Octavius here stepped in, and, in a literal sense, took charge of her.

It was this dependence that helped her to endure. Her tyrannical uncle made the most of it, and gave her few opportunities of dismissing the remembrance. He had made up his mind to provide for her a wealthy husband. Other essentials were far too trivial to warrant consideration. Age was of small concern. Someone like himself—if the wide world held such a phenomenon—would meet the emergency. So he looked about him.

Then, before he had quite made up his mind, came the impudent proposal of that upstart, Lieutenant Burton. The interview had been brief. Octavius Bounce had met with a good deal of presumption in his time; but this was too much for him. He sent the suitor out of his house with a verbal explosion that would have been terrible but for its absurdity. And from that day to the present he had heard no more of the matter.

But to-day his peace of mind had once more been shaken. The fellow had defied him, and treated his dismissal with contempt. It was high time he exercised his authority.

For ten minutes he paced the floor in hot anger. Then he sat down to think. The situation admitted of no delay. Night was drawing on apace. He got up and went to the foot of the stairs. All was quiet. He mounted them one by one and paused to listen outside the door of his niece's room. A suspicious sound reached him from within, and he immediately entered the room.

The sight that met him increased his ire. His eyes protruded, and he swelled perceptibly. That his niece should dare to defy him in his own house was a condition of things that roused his virtuous indignation. The one thing that seemed incomprehensible was the fact that her door had not been securely locked. But it was ever thus with evil-doers. There was always one simple flaw in their cunning schemes through which they were at last discovered.

There, upon the centre of the table, stood a little instrument. Seated before it was his niece. He glanced expectantly toward the window. It was closed. Perhaps he had been too precipitate. But he had seen quite sufficient as it was. The girl faced round—apparently startled by the opening of the door. At the sight of her uncle she lowered her eyes and looked confused.

"What have you there?" he demanded.
"A telegraphic instrument," was the nervous reply.
"How long have you possessed it?"
"About a month."
"For what purpose?"

She lifted her eyes. It was clear he knew already. So she told the truth.

"I used it as a means of communication with Mr. Burton."

The fierce old man went almost purple.

"Where is the villain?" he demanded.
"I don't know."
"What do you mean? Do you dare to aggravate your offence with a glaring lie?"

She sighed a little wearily.

"I spoke no more than the truth," she protested feebly.
"But you knew last night?"
"Yes."
"Where was he last night, then?"
"In the house opposite."
"Have you seen about the—the——"
"Yes. There was no difficulty about that."
"Oh, dear! It frightens me."
"That's a poor sort of compliment to me."
"No—I don't mean it in that way. But uncle might do something dreadful."
"Not he. His name and nature are pretty much alike."
"Then he's there now."

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "He's gone away."

The old man made a grab at the curtains. There was a bill in the window of the house opposite. He returned.

"Now, look here," he blustered. "I'll have no more of this nonsense."
"Very good, uncle."
"It isn't very good. It's very bad. If you speak again I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do. Now, I'll tell you something, my girl, which may serve to show you the futility of defying me.
"I got a letter late this afternoon informing me of all that has occurred. Some honest friend has been kind enough to open my eyes to the truth. If I knew the name of my correspondent I should make it my business to thank him. But he is one of those few men who do good by stealth. He has seen all and is very properly shocked. He knows this young spatter-brain and warns me against him. If I don't make the thing impossible he'll be up to some new trick in a week. But Octavius Bounce is not a man to be trifled with. We'll go away."

Hilda lifted her brows in quick surprise.

"Go away!" she faltered. "Where?"

Once more the fist came down upon the table.

"Hold your tongue!" he snapped. "I'll go where I like and you shall go with me. I'm not such a fool as to give you the chance to tell this young jackanapes your destination. You'll know when you get there."

She tossed her head.

"I prefer to remain where I am," she found courage to remark.

It was the first signal of revolt. He stamped savagely on the floor. There is nothing like a show of brute strength in a case of this sort. The floor shook and the pictures rattled. The threatened revolution was for the moment checked.

"You'll do as I bid you," he thundered.

She made no reply. He eyed her doubtfully. Perhaps it was as well to make a small concession.

"You can choose your own time," he proceeded. "But you shall go. My correspondent has been good enough to suggest a retreat which this young puppy of a Lieutenant cordially dislikes. Now, when can you be ready?"

She considered a moment. Then she rang the bell.

"Fetch me a Bradshaw," she said to the elderly duenna who put in an appearance.

Bounce was puzzled. Of what use was a Bradshaw when she did not even know her destination. It was brought in and she handed it across to him with perfect coolness.

"You may as well settle on the train now," she remarked. "I shall be ready to leave this house at three to-morrow."

He seemed a little bewildered. But it occurred to him that she meant to get a glimpse of the page to which he referred. He consequently went to the other end of the room. She did not stir. There was a brief silence. Then he shut the book.

"That will do," he said. "There is a train we can catch. I shall expect you to be ready. Miss Skinner, you will oblige me by a renewal of vigilance in respect to the conduct of my niece. She is not to communicate with anyone. You understand?"

The astute companion compressed her thin lips. The contortion was quite unnecessary, for Nature had given her a visage hard enough to scare a wolf. Octavius Bounce was appeased. Mentally blessing his anonymous correspondent, he possessed himself of the little machine and retreated downstairs.

* * * * *

"Hi! Porter! Just see to this luggage!"
"Yes, sir. Where to, sir?"
"Hastings. Is the train in?"
"Yes, sir. The one on the right, sir."

The speaker pasted labels on the trunks and went off to find a trolley. Octavius and his niece presented themselves at the barrier and were passed through. Hilda seemed a little nervous. Her whole attention was fixed on the station clock. They went along the platform, thronged with pleasure-seekers eager for a sight of the sea. There was a train on each side—that on the right for Hastings, that on the left for Dover and Folkestone.

Porters were besieged with inquirers and looked half-distracted as they forced a passage through the throng. Bounce elbowed his way to the centre of the train and stopped before a door. But his niece drew back his arm.

"Wait a little while," she said. "I feel so faint."

He faced round.

"Then we'd better get in," he snapped. "You'll be all right as soon as you sit down."

But she still held back.

"No, I won't," she said piteously. "It's too stuffy in there. Let me sit for a moment on the platform. I want air."

The old tyrant glanced at the clock. Hilda did the same. There was still ten minutes to spare. So he yielded with an ill-grace, and she dropped limply on the seat. He stood over her, fuming with irritation. Several other people paused in their walk.

"I don't wonder," remarked a lady of fourteen stone. "It's hot enough to cook a body. She'll be better in a bit. It's air she wants, poor dear."

Bounce immediately faced about.

"I'll trouble you to mind your own business, ma'am," he blustered. "My niece is in no need of public sympathy."

A murmur went up from the crowd. Hilda was fanning herself with a handkerchief. But she contrived to once more look at the clock. A porter went by—banging the doors of the Dover train. The guard was preparing to blow his whistle.

"Oh, the old brute!" commented the stout lady. "Men ain't got no feelings. They're all alike."

The fainting girl swayed suddenly. Her uncle bent down hurriedly.

"Now, look here," he snapped. "You've got to pull yourself together. It's no use giving way like this."

She buried her face in her handkerchief and clutched the back of the seat.

There's a gold mine in the first page with ten large nuggets and lots of gold dust. Why not have a dig?

"Water!" she gasped. "I must have water! You can get some from the buffet! Quick!"

The old man wheeled round.

"Hi! Porter!" he roared.

But the officials were too busy to heed him.

"I want some water!" he shouted to the crowd in general.

"Get it yourself," retorted the stout lady indignantly. "Whose duty is it but yours, you old tartar?"

Bounce wavered. He glanced down helplessly at the limp figure of his niece. The crowd contained no volunteer. With a muttered word that was anything but a blessing he tore away to the barrier. Once more he glanced towards the clock. So did his niece. The guard of the Dover train blew a shrill note on his whistle. Octavius dashed to the buffet.

"Hi!" he shouted. "I want a glass of water! Do you hear? A glass of water! Don't stand gaping there like a stuffed pig!"

The waitress coolly glanced him over and resumed her interrupted flirtation with a young dandy.

"Where's the station-master?" blustered the angry Bounce. "I'll see whether a young lady is to faint in this station and no one to provide her with a glass of water!"

The waitress leisurely filled a tumbler and placed it on the counter. Her glance was supercilious to a degree, and the dandy laughed. Bounce snatched at the glass and tore back to the barrier. He saw the same crowd where he had left it. In half a minute he was there. But what was this? They were all laughing! He frowned fiercely and forced his way to the seat. It was empty. He wheeled round and met the eye of the stout lady.

"Where's my niece?" he demanded.

The lady levelled a plump forefinger at the departing train.

"There's her dear little handkerchief," she gurgled in a paroxysm of mirth. "She's waving you an affectionate farewell. The artful little dear!"

The old man's jaw dropped. He looked helplessly at the departing train. The handkerchief disappeared and two faces were seen together at the window. His own went red with rage.

"Hi! Stop the train!" he roared. "I'll have that villain arrested for abduction! Do you hear! Stop the train!"

Everybody laughed.

"You've been done brown," remarked a paper boy with ready impudence. "Somebody hold him, or he'll go off."

A station porter went by. Bounce saw that he was grinning.

"I want that train stopped!" he cried.

The man paused.

"Can't do it, sir," he replied politely. "Sorry you've been fooled like this. Looks like a put-up job. Soon as you were out of sight the young lady flew to the train. A young gent. opens a door and she gets in. Then the young gent. winks to the crowd and the train steams out."

Octavius was nearly dancing with rage.

"But the luggage!" he said. "My niece's box was labelled for Hastings. You did it yourself."

The porter looked apologetic.

"So I did, sir," he admitted. "But the same young gent. comes along and orders me to change the labels."

"For what town?" demanded the old man.

"Ashford, sir. I thought it was all right and did what he told me. Excuse me, sir, but if you're going to Hastings you'd better take your seat. Train's just on the move."

There was a sudden stir among the crowd. A rush for the train was made. Bounce remained where he was.

"When does the next train start for Ashford?" he spluttered.

"Five-forty, sir."

Octavius stood irresolute.

"Try a drink o' water," advised the paper boy. "It'll do you good. Buck up, old sport, for the sake of the missus."

His victim glared. Then he went slowly to the barrier and from thence to the buffet. It was not often that this highly-respectable gentleman called for "Three Star." But he did it now, and drank down the cordial with a gulp. He changed his ticket at the booking-office and waited for the five-forty train to Ashford. Then he remembered his luggage. It had gone to Hastings. He sent a wire to that station, and reviled his luck.

At a quarter to eight he reached Ashford. But his inquiries were of no avail. The strategic subaltern had set a golden seal upon the lips of the station porters. The fierce old dupe went straight to a local hotel. Messages were dispatched to all the neighbouring clergy. He meant to stop the marriage at any cost.

The next day dawned and he waited in vain for news. He wired to London for a supply of money and to Hastings for his luggage. Further inquiries were prosecuted, and the days slipped by. On Thursday he received a communication. It was directed to "Octavius Bounce, Esq., —— Hotel, Ashford," and bore a request that each hotel should be tried till he was discovered. He tore off the envelope and hastily scanned the contents.

"My Dear Uncle,—You will probably feel no surprise at the intelligence that we are married. From Ashford we came on to Rye. Dear Wilfred had procured a special license, and we were united yesterday at the parish church. Do come and see us. The town is very quaint and picturesque. Wilfred desires me to say that he freely forgives you for the animosity you have always felt towards him. We are very happy, and shall stay here till the end of our honeymoon. With fondest love.—I am always, your affectionate niece, "Hilda Burton."

Bounce tore the missive to shreds.

"She shan't have a penny of my money," he snapped with decision. "And I'll never acknowledge her again."

But there came a time when this vindictive resolve was swept away. For as he advanced in years his loneliness oppressed him. A reconciliation was effected, and the fiery old autocrat forgot to domineer in the presence of those whom he loved.

TOWNS THAT TODDLE.

The inhabitants of the famous "Bungalow Town," near Shoreham, are looking for a fresh site for their curious little settlement, owing to the present one having been acquired by an American syndicate, who propose to erect thereon a pleasure city by the sea for the benefit of Londoners. As soon as they find what they require, Bungalow Town is to be removed thereto, stock, lock and barrel, and its present locality will know it no more.

For a temporary town of this kind to toddle off all on its own, after this fashion, is, of course, an uncommon occurrence; but it is not altogether unknown. For instance, in Australia, during the gold fever of 1851, a town of tents, known as Canvas Town, rose into being on the St. Kilda Road, Melbourne. Several thousand inhabitants lived in this temporary settlement, which was laid out in streets, and boasted of a bank, a church, two schools, and several hotels—all canvas. It lasted for several months. Then a new goldfield was discovered, some little distance off in another direction, and in the space of forty-eight hours Canvas Town had betaken itself thither with all its inhabitants.

Then, too, there was the case of Ula, a town in the Colorado silver mining territory, which was moved bodily from its position to a spot some two miles distant, in order that the rich mineral deposits, which were known to exist under it, might be exploited; while early in 1904 no fewer than seven towns situated in Columbia, were removed by their inhabitants across the border line into the then newly-constituted Republic of Panama, the object being to place themselves under the protection of the government of the United States, which was "mothering" the infant nation.

INSPIRATION.

Deep breaths, says Eustace Miles, are sure
The divers ills of man to cure.
This remedy, thought I, is cheap—
I'll start the day by breathing deep.

So to my garden ground I hied
And breathed—great whiffs of sausage fried.
The scent of dust bins I inspired,
And found the ozone made me tired.

But yet the cure I would not shirk,
So tried it on my way to work.
Pausing amid the whirl and fuss
I deeply breathed—a motor 'bus!

Still on the remedy intent,
At eve back to the land I went.
Where meadows basked 'neath sunset skies
I deeply breathed—a swarm of flies.

"For me," I gasped with choke and cough,
"Deep breathing as a cure, is off!—
Used as I feel to half-filled chest,
Eustace, I feel, it suits me best."

LIGHTING UP PICTURES.

Professor R. W. Woon, the distinguished American physicist, has been struck with an original idea in the way of picture illumination. He constructs a lantern-slide view from the picture, by aid of photography, and projects this slide upon the original painting, instead of upon the traditional white sheet. The room should, of course, be darkened. In this way a strong illumination is produced on the highlights of the picture, and a feeble illumination on the shadows.

Hence, the contrasts of light and shade are greatly increased and approximate to those of nature. Effects of a very startling nature are said to be produced.

Speaking of an experiment on a pastel representing a sunny marketplace in Brittany, Professor Wood thus describes the result in an American scientific paper:

"Under the illumination of the lantern, the picture becomes filled with a perfect flood of sunlight, and we feel at once that here, for the first time, we are looking at a picture in which the enormous luminosity contrasts of nature are nearly approached. If, after looking at the picture illuminated in this way for a few minutes, we remove the slide from the lantern, thus allowing uniform illumination to fall upon it, we feel a decided shock. The picture looks as if it had not been dusted for ten years"—a remark by the way, which seems to throw a side-light upon professional housekeeping—"the sunlight leaves it, and everything looks flat. As we become accustomed once more to the usual illumination, the appearance of the picture gradually improves."

A curious effect is obtained by projecting the photographic negative upon the picture. This may destroy the contrast entirely, so that the painting looks like a flat wash.

Professor Wood was led to his idea by observing the play of sunbeams, which had filtered through foliage, upon the canvas when he was sketching out of doors. He suggests that his method might be applied to scenic effects for stage purposes.

["Oda-Legs," sandwichman, philosopher, and humble hero, is fifty-four years of age, and a well-known "character" in the principal streets of Glasgow. His modest account of the fire in which he played such a brave part has been verified, and he is entitled to all respect and credit for a very plucky deed.]

My name is Robert Graham, and I am a native of this city. The facetious call me "Odd-Legs" because one of my legs is shorter than the other, and has been since the hour of my birth.

As you ask me the question point-blank, I'll not deny that my life as an animated advertisement leaves something to be desired, and as I have been in the profession for over ten years I should know something about it.

At the same time, there are compensations, and what particularly appeals to me is the chameleon-like changes I undergo.

To-day I may be telling you that you are booked for the nearest loony-asylum if you fail to see "Little Splits" at the Empire. To-morrow you may read on my back that your only hope of salvation is to hear the Rev. MacThumper preach. One day I advertise the succulent charms of So-and-So's pork pies; the next the potency of Beecham's pills—a very humorous juxtaposition. And is not life largely made up of champagne and black draughts!—only I have had more of the latter than of the former.

You are surprised to hear a sandwichman talk in such fashion. Aweel, I am a bit of a philosopher—indeed, philosophy is about the only luxury I can afford. It costs nothing and is very comforting—to a philosopher.

A VICTIM OF CAPITAL.

And now to the veracious history of my life. Let me tell you at once that whisky has had nothing to do with making me a sandwichman. I have always been temperate as befits a man of philosophic mind. Like all Scotsmen, however poor they may be, I had a decent education, and when I was old enough I went into the hairdressing business as lather-boy.

From soaping I was promoted to shaving the working men, and afterwards the better classes. I was doing fine when I had a slight attack of paralysis, which left my hands very shaky. This, of course, made shaving a risky business, though, being even then a philosopher, I was willing to face all risks with perfect equanimity.

But the customers were not so even-minded; my master, a dour man, said the days were gone when barbers bled their clients, and I was given the hey of the street. I had saved a pound or two, and, borrowing a few more from my father, I bought a small grocery business. I had a keen nose for trade, like all my countrymen, and soon built up a snug little concern.

But, then—the all-too-common tale nowadays—the big store came along and the little shop went to the wall. I tried many things after this, but what with my odd legs and my paralysis, I could not get anything to do, and so gradually I slipped down and down till I rested on my present level.

I have not had an exciting career, but I am proud of the fact that I once saved a human life, and perhaps I may tell you about it.

A FIERCE FIGHT WITH FIRE.

It's a matter of thirty years since, and at the time I was living in Carlisle. You're over young, laddie, to remember the disastrous fire there when a lodging house was burnt to the ground and over a score of people perished in the flames, but there are many as will mind it.

Weel, I was living in that very house in a room under the slates. The night of the fire I was in bed when I was awakened by a great noise, and, to my consternation, found my bit room full of smoke.

I huddled on my shirt and breeks, and made for the door. But when I opened it a dense volume of smoke rushed in, and I was near choked there and then.

Suddenly I heard a child screaming, and remembered that the room next mine was rented by a widow and her little lassie, a great pet of mine.

I tried to open the door, but it was snecked to, and the bairn inside couldna draw the bolt, and all the time she was greeting most pitifully.

Then a sort of madness came over me. I forgot my odd legs, my paralysis, and my philosophy, and I charged that door like an angry bull at a gate.

It gave, and in a trice I had the lassie in my arms and was going down the stairs hot-foot. But I was too late. The staircase was in flames. Then I remembered having seen a trap-door in the roof, and—God be thanked!—I managed to squeeze through it, and brought the lassie safely down through another house.

But her mother was amongst the lost. Probably she was in the room when I entered, but already she had been suffocated. Anyway, she made no sign, and in good truth there wasn't much time for reflection.

It is against our principles to boast, but we must remind you we have paid the biggest Limerick Prize:—£255, and distributed altogether £26,900. Both these are records. Facts speak for themselves.

(Continued from page 1.)

Jefferson, A., 19 St. John's Tce., Leeds.
Jervis, W., 74 Shipcote Tce., Gateshead.
John, Mrs. M. V., 19 Victoria Mns., West End Lane.
Johnson, D. F., Greenfields, Washington.
Johnston, Miss, 27 Nelson St., Edinburgh.
Johnston, Miss G., 1 Plaris Tce., South Shields.
Jones, A., Chapel Bank, Wrockwardine Wood, Salop.
Jones, G., 3 Navigation St., Mountain Ash, Glam.
Jones, J. T., 4 Alexandra Ave., Alexandra Park, N.
Jo... A. H. B., 6 Bathgate Drive, Belfast.
Jo... G. T., 3 Lon... Rd., Mount Radford.
Jo... J., 144 ... St., Glasgow.
K... G. E., The Hedlands, King's Norton.
K... Miss R., "..." East Acton, W.
K... B. C., 4 Rugby Tce., Belfast.
K... V. A., 6 Court Rd., Bristol.
K... 4 Tullideph Rd., Dundee.
K... Miss L., 229 Longsight, Oldham.
K... Miss A., 17 Hurstbourne Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
K... E. W., The Priory, Watford.
K... T., 150 Hyde Burn Rd., Jarrow.
L... Mrs. E., 60 Cheltenham St., Barrow-in-Furness.
L... Mrs. B., Whitehall, So. Petherton, Somerset.
La... O. R., 3 Polwarth Gdns., Edinburgh.
La... Miss M., Rosebank, Dumbarton, N.B.
La... O., 37 Manor St., Cardiff.
La... Miss J., Corbar Cottage, Buxton.
La... Miss J., 30 Jane St., Leith, N.B.
La... O. A., Lincoln House, Ramsden Road, Balham.
La... Gr. Mastr.-Sergt., Mullingar.
Le... School House, Pontypridd.
Le... 108 City Rd., Hulme, Manchester.
Li... F., 17 Cranmer Rd., Brixton, S.W.
L... F., Merrywood Schools, Bristol.
L... Chirnside, Ashford.
L... 45 Up. Belgrave Rd., Bristol.
L... A. B., 18 Alice St., Paisley.
L... E., 54 Bates Rd., Brighton.
Lyne, J. 34 Prince's St., Portsmouth.
Lynn, R. H., 4 Eastfield St., Sunderland.
McCa... Mrs. M., 47 Cowane St., Stirling, N.B.
McCar... Wm., 360 Scotland St., Glasgow.
McClelland, Rev. R., Inchinnan, Renfrew.
McC... C., 3 Wolfhill Place, Belfast.
McCu... A., 10 Lyndon Gdns., Maryhill, Glasgow.
McCu... Miss J., Loggan, Ballantrae, N.B.
Macdermott, J. B., 40 Albert Rd., Langside, N.B.
Macl... D., Dunvegan, Skye, N.B.
Macdonald, D., Sunnyside, Girvan.
MacDowell, T. B., 4 Urban Villas, Kingstown, Ireland.
McFall, E., 23 Ann St., Belfast.
Macfarlane, C., 3 Hamilton Pl., Cathcart.
McHowat, T., 141 North Rd., Clayton, Manchester.
McIlroy, W. H. H., Sunnyside Tce., Holywood, Ireland.
McKee, R., Garven St., Stevenston.
McKirdy, T., 54 Bay St., Port Glasgow.
Maclachlan, J. D., Lochnair, Argyll.
Maclean, A. D., ... Gt. Western Rd., Glasgow.
McLean, J., Strone... Ho., Palnure.
McLinden, Mrs., ... House, Wellington.
Macmillan, Wm., 7 Ardgowan St., Greenock.
Macnab, R., Chepstow Rd., Newport.
McNeil, A. S., High St., Garstang.
McNulty, Rev. T. L., Quarry Bank Vge., Brierley Hill.
Macpherson, D., Brownlie Place, Cathcart.
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Manley, Mrs. E. F., The Gables, Nantwich.
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Matchett, F., 21 Windsor Rd., Belfast.
Matthews, Miss G., 67 Camden St., Birmingham.
Mead, Mlle. C., 60 Clarendon Rd., Southsea.
Mellish, J. G., 5 Southbourne Gns., Bath.
Melvin, F. W., Barry Dock, nr. Cardiff.
Merry, R., 15 Sedgemere Ave., East Finchley.
Miles, A. R., 60 East St., Bristol.
Miller, F. L., 66 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, W.C.
Miller, R., 30 Spence Ave., Bowes Park, N.
Millikin, H., 630 Dumbarton Rd., Partick.
Mills, A. J., Forthampton Cottage, Tewkesbury.
Milroe, Helen A., 133 Onslow Dr., Dennistoun.
Mitchell, M., 55 Thornwood Ave., Partick.
Moir, J. M., Public Library, Bo'ness.
Moffit, R., Holly Villas, Stoke-on-Trent.
Moore, J., 290 Kilmarnock Rd., Glasgow.
Moore, J. A., 25 Glebe Rd., Barnes, S.W.
Morgan, C. L., Dyers Hall Rd., Leytonstone.
Morgan, W., 1 Romilly Cres., Canton, Cardiff.
Morley, Miss P., Abbey Cot., Sherborne, Dorset.
Mortimer, G. J., 17 Bismark St., Leicester.
Mortimer, H. A., 6 Leicester St., Southport.
Mortimer, Sgt. R., Personnel Ord. Col., Woolwich.
Mortlake, L., 99 Keslake Rd., Kilburn.
Moseley, Mrs. P., 210 Hessle Rd., Hull.
Mudge, J. T., The Witlows, Charlbury.
Murray, A. R., Holywell, Newquay.
Murray, F. E., 29 Oakley Cres., Chelsea.
Neill, W. J., 10 Lombard St., Belfast.
Newhall, R. N., 7 Wyresdale Rd., Bolton.
Newman, Mrs. F., Winifred Villa, Peterborough.
Newton, F., 26 Edge Hill Rd., Sheffield.
Nicholls, C., 54 Belmont Rd., Beckenham.
Nicholls, H., 4 Eskbank Ter., Dalkeith.
Nicholson, Mrs. A., 120 Croxted Rd., Dulwich.
Norris, J. G., R.N.R., 160 Rosendale Rd., Dulwich.
Northcote, Sir H., 22 Arundel Gns., Kensington Pk. Rd.,
Norwood, R., 83 Oakwood Rd., Birmingham.
Noyes, J. W., 1,033 Forest Rd., Walthamstow.
Nunn, B., Sharow Vicarage, Ripon.
Nutter, Miss L. A., 9 Melbourne Terrace, Bradford.
Oates, W., 5 Susan Ter., S.C.R., Dublin.
Ottley, R., Wolvercote, Oxford.
Page, T., 33 Halford Rd., Leyton.
Palaton, Miss J., Gildridge Hotel, Eastbourne.
Park, H., 106 Gt. Bedwyn, Hungerford.
Parr, Agnes W., 24 London Grove, Liverpool, S.
Parr, W., 70 Mansfield Rd., Nottingham.
Parrott, Sgt. H. J., 8th K.R.T. Hussars, Colchester.
Parsons, S., D. of Edin. Hotel, Barrow-in-Furness
Paterson, J. B., 24 Carrick Rd., Ayr, N.B.
Patrick, D. H., 116 Northampton Rd., Market Harboro'.
Patterson, Sgt.-Maj. W., Gordon H'landers, Aberdeen.
Paul, J., 3 Clarence Parade, Cheltenham.
Peake, F., The Hollies, Manchester.
Peckham, W., 29 Avondale Rd., Wimbledon.
Pereira, A., 146 Hornsey Rd., Holloway, N.
Perrett, S., 37 Bohemia Rd., St. Leonards.
Perrott, Miss L., 53 Mardy Rd., Mardy, Glam.
Phillips, Sergt. C., Portsmouth.
Phillips, Mrs. M., 8 Taff St., Pentre, Ystrad, S. Wales.
Philpott, E. J., Glenworth, Faversham.
Pierce, C. T., 17 Rayleigh Rd., Wolverhampton.
Pigg, T., 3 Dockwray St., N. Shields.
Pimm, H. S., I.R.O., Rochester
Plank, Miss F., Pound La. Co. Schools, Willesden.
Playne, H., The Gables, Halland, Sussex.
Plucknett, C. J., 29 Poland St., S.W.
Pocock, T. H., 23 Harlaxton Rd., Grantham.
Porter, J., 9 Horsley Ter., Tynemouth.
Porters, R. J., 114 Atheldene Rd., Earlsfield, S.W.
Potter, Miss F. M., 53 Long Row, Nottingham.
Preen, Mr., 29a Promenade Villas, Cheltenham.
Prime, H., 232 Gillot Rd., Birmingham.
Proctor, A. C., 14 Hambleden Tce., Burnley.
Radford, Miss E. M., 2 Thorn Ave., Plymouth.
Rafarel, C. I., 1 St. George's Sq., Worcester.
Ramsey, J. T., Clober Rd., Milngavie, N.B.
Randall, H., 51 Beaumont Rd., Plymouth.
Raugeley, H., 60 Thoraham Pk. Rd., Castleton.
Ratsey, W. H., High St., Walsingham.
Rawsthorne, R. M., Hanigh, Northfield, nr. B'ham.
Ray, J. G., 119 Louise St., Stoke-on-Trent.
Read, F. C., Parkfield, Caterham.
Reeve, H. J., 3 Walnut St., Leicester.
Reid, A. R., 62 East Church St., Buckie.
Reid, C. B., 14 Barforth Rd., Nunhead.
Reid, H. S., Aigburth, Coatbridge, N.B.
Reinhardt, A. E., Hersreed, Crowborough.
Rich, T., 40 Bendemeer Rd., Putney.
Richardson, T. L., 8 Station Par., Ealing Com.
Ritching, W., 33 Clumber St., Hull.
Roe, Mr., 99 Graham St., Derby.
Rose, Miss M., Birdcombe Ct., Bristol.
Rose, W. J., 13 Alexandra Rd., S'hampton.
Rossiter, Miss, Rossiter Hse., Land's End.
Rousseau, A. C., 71 Stillness Rd., Crofton Pk., S.E.
Rutter, Mrs. J., 35 Brisbane St., Greenock.
Sarns, R. W., 64 Tustin St., Old Kent Rd.
Salt, F. J., 46 Victoria Rd., Stoke-on-Trent.
Salter, G. H., Main St., Buttevant, co. Cork.
Sarney, C. J., 19 Bedding Rd., Bristol.
Sandin, J. H., 85 Splott Rd., Splotlands.
Scott, Mrs., 6 Honley Rd., Catford.
Selby, E. J., 30 Bescot Rd., Walsall.
Sellers, G. B., 5 Cecil Pk., Crouch End, N.
Selous, Miss J., 5 Glidden Rd., W. Kens.
Sharpe, W. H., 2 Nevill Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
Sherwin, J. H., 36 South Rd., W. Bridgford.
Shiel-Porter, E., Midland Hotel Theatre, Manch.
Sidsmith, J. E., 29 Lawn Rd., Hampstead.
Simpson, A. C., 94 Marwell St., S. Shields.
Sinclair, A. J., 3 Merry St., Motherwell.
Sissons, Miss M., Leicester Cottage, Hull.
Skrimshire, E. H. N., 1 Albert Villas, Highgate.
Slack, E. T., 5 Colville Villas, Notts.
Slater, W. J., 30 Banstead St., Leeds.
Sly, A. H., Lucerne, Southampton.
Smalls, R. T., 14 Albany Quadrant, Shettleston.
Smith, A. H., 21 N. Howard St., Gt. Yarmouth.
Smith, A. H., 6 Spon Lane, W. Smethwick.
Smith, A. W., 32 Howard Rd., Reigate.
Smith, B. D., 65 Cicada Rd., Wandsworth.
Smith, R., 2 Montrose St., Clydebank.
Smith, W. D., 15 Dorlcote Rd., S.W.
Smith, W. S., 13 Holliday Rd., B'ham.
Smithies, W. H., 252 Whetley Lane, Bradford.
Shaddock, S., 35 Alexandra Rd., Plymouth.
Spencer, T. A., 55 Clumber St., Hull.
Spickett, D., Highmead, Pontypridd.
Squires, F. G., Cleveland Hse., Pershore, Worc.
Stanley, E. A., West View, Slyne, Lancs.
Starkey, I. B., Mill Hse., Dartford.
Stephenson, J. L. I., 3 Lavarh Villas, Ranelagh.
Stilliard, W., 54 Crescent Lane, Clapham Park.
Stirling, J., 13 Paisley Rd., Barrhead, N.B.
Stone, G. H., Hobart, Poole, Dorset.
Stoton, A., 13 Gosfield St., W.
Stott, W. S., 87 Church St., Heywood.
Stratford, W. J., 1 London Rd., Daventry, Northants.
Street, G., 41 Cambridge Av., Whitley Bay.
Stribling, Miss, Bromham Hse., Sutton.
Stuart, D., 39 Cockayne Place, Sheffield.
Stubbs, W. R., 89 Victoria Rd., Middlesboro'.
Sutcliffe, T., 707 Briercliffe Rd., Burnley.
Suttle, G., 8 Norman Rd., Stockport.
Sutton, A. H., 15 Beaconsfield Rd., Bristol.
Swift, J., 47 Craven Grdns., Wimbledon.
Swindell, H. C., 144 Tower Rd., B'ham.
Sykes, E., 75 Richmond Av., Leeds.
Sylvester, R. W., School Hse., Bletchingley.
Tallack, S., New Rowe, Penryn.
Talman, J., 23 Willowbank Cres., Glasgow.
Taylor, A., Auchinleck Tce., Port Glasgow.
Taylor, H., Goose Green, Hoddesdon.
Taylor, W. C., 77 Burghley Rd., Hornsey, N.
Thain, J., 8 Model Dwellings, N. Kensington.
Thom, C. G., Kelburn, Fairlie.
Thomas, D. T., Exeter Lodge, Bristol.
Thomasson, F. W., 133 Market St., Crewe.
Thompson, L., 9 New St., Honiton.
Thompson, R., 99 Ethel St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Till, W. R., The College, Caterham Valley, Surrey.
Tomlinson, R. W., 1 Mayfield Villas, Chesterfield.
Trumble, A. G., 41 Burton Rd., N.E.
Turner, R., 53 Thurnscoe Rd., Bradford.
Turner, J. J., 7 Thornton Rd., Carlisle.
Turney, R., 118 Hampton Rd., Bristol.
Turner, W. E., 199 Church Rd., Willesden.
Vahey, W. L., "De Silva," Parkstone, Dorset.
Vaughan, W. J., Irene Cottage, Ballymena.
Veal, F. W., 11 Grove Pk. Rd., Bristol.
Villanueva, Dr. F. H., 8 Peckham Rd., S.E.
Waine, Mrs., 64 Wood St., Rugby.
Walker, F., 72 Linwood Rd., Birkenhead.
Walker, G. H., 294 Shoreham St., Sheffield.
Walker, R. N., 6 E. William St., Edinburgh.
Walker, W., 17 Clifford St., Glasgow.
Walker, J. W., 7 Grove Rd., Lowestoft.
Wall, J., 169 Albert St., Millom, Cumb.
Wallace, J. W., 18 Dundonald Rd., Willesden.
Wallis, W. F., 103 High St., Camden Town.
Walwyn, T. C., 40 Milner Rd., Bristol.
Ward, B. G., Lyndhurst, Stowe Rd., W.
Warren, R., jun., 103 Page St., S.W.
Watson, G. H., 81 Castlereagh St., Belfast.
Waters, T., 54 Warren Rd., B'ham.
Watson, Mrs., 27 Goddard Hall Rd., Sheffield.
Watson, G., 40 Freemantle Rd., Bristol.
Watson, J. C., 77 Cornhill Tce., Leith.
Watts, C., 94 Burrage Rd., Plumstead.
Watts, W. R., Canal Rows, Newport.
Weeks, T., Ingle Nook, Fairhaven.
Wells, R., 37 Kinfauns Rd., Goodmayes.
West, Mrs., 53 Up. Berkeley St., W.
Whipple, F. W., Leaside, Grantham.
White, H. M., 63 Drumcondra Rd., Dublin.
Whitle, Miss J., Priory Hse., So. Queensferry.
White, T., 2 Hartley St., Bolton.
Whitwood, Miss S., 1 King St., Pelaw-on-Tyne.
Whyte, W., Gattonside, Melrose.
Wickers, H. M., Sorbba, Shanklin.
Wigglesworth, R., 2 Coronation Rd., Harrogate.
Willetts, Miss E., Dane Tree Hse., Stourbridge.
Wilkins, A. S., 4 Belgrave Place, Exmouth.
Wilkinson, A., 42 Norway St., Portslade.
Wilkinson, G., 9 Fulham Pk. Rd., S.W.
Williams, C., Jansville, Dublin.
Williams, H. S., 54 Wetherell Rd., S. Hackney.
Wilson, C. R. F., 4 Abingdon Mnsns., W.
Wilson, Mrs., 35 Victoria Rd., Margate.
Wilson, F., 683 Dalmarnock Rd., Glasgow.
Wilson, R. L., 53 Castle St., Kirkcudbright.
Wilson, S., 13 Bandon St., Belfast.
Windeatt, A. M., Woodside, Bournville, B'ham.
Winter, L. A., Shalmsford, S. Farnborough.
Wise, A. J., Ellesmere Rd., Chiswick.
Wood, G., 58 Sandford Rd., Moseley, B'ham.
Wood, L. S., Ivy Hse., Preston.
Woodhead, S., 57 Fell St., Liverpool.
Woodruff, W., 10 Brayden Rd., Stamford Hill.
Woods, G., 24 Hydethorpe Rd., Balham.
Woods, G. H., 14 Gloucester Rd., L'pool.
Woods, H., 13 Oakley Sq., N.W.
Woods, P. J., 4 Howard St., Belfast.
Worrall, Miss M., The Junction, Wordsley.
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...G HOLIDAYS, 1907-8.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.	1908. JANUARY.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
...mas Day December 25.	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	Oct. 11 ... 6.16
...g Day . December 26.	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	" 12 ... 6.15
...Friday . . April 17.	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	" 13 ... 6.13
... Monday . April 20.	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 6 13 20 27	W 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	" 14 ... 6.10
...un Monday . June 8.	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	" 15 ... 6.8
...Holiday . . . August 3.	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24 31	" 16 ... 6.6
	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	" 17 ... 6.4

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